

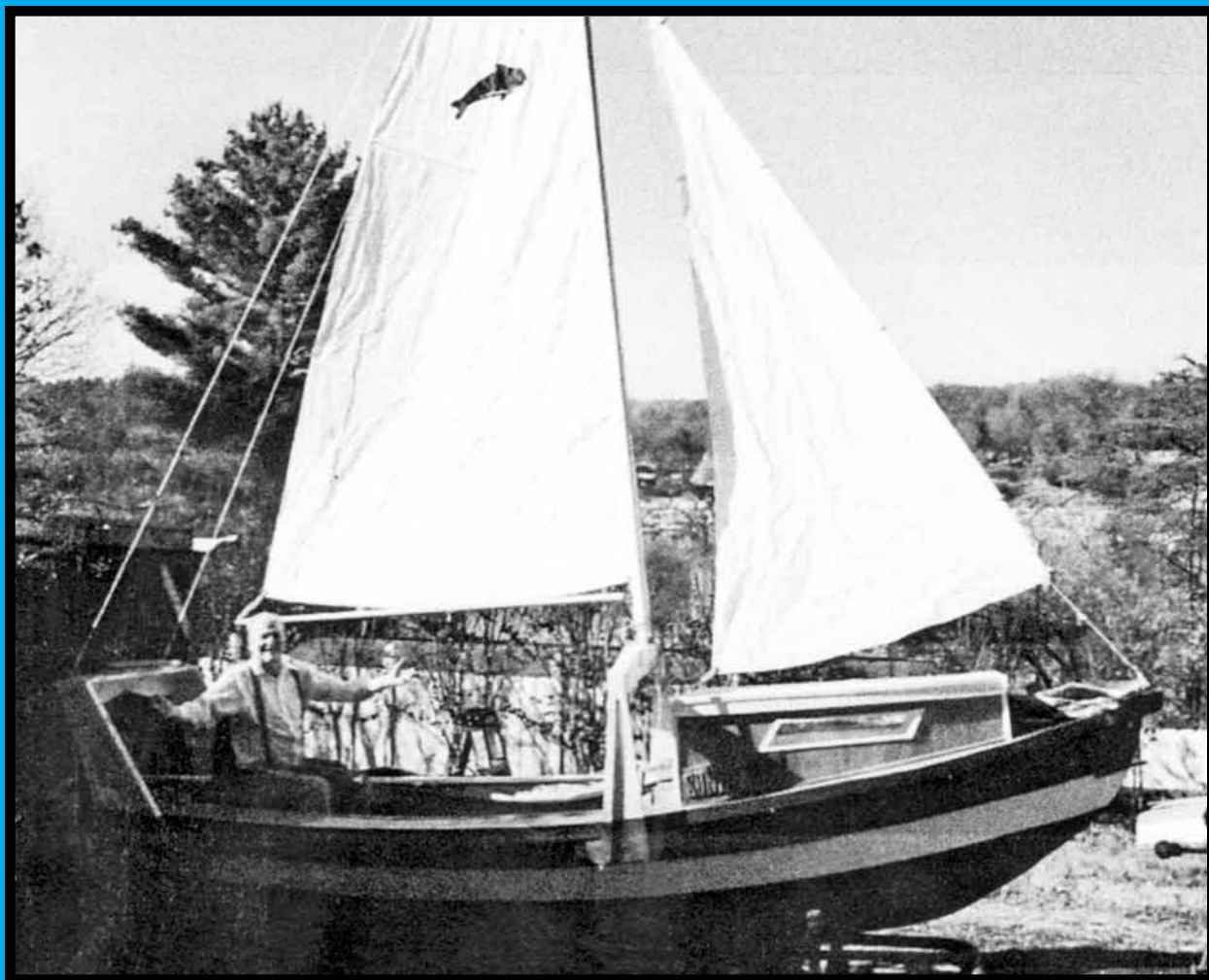


# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 2

June 2018

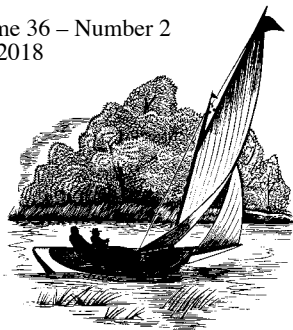
**New Features This Issue**  
Pedal Across the Atlantic - A Winter's Peek at Spring  
Around New England in a Solo Sea Canoe  
Annapolis Coastal Rowing Regatta - Her Name is *Sunny Sea*  
True Love in Lapstrake Pine - Two New CLC Designs  
Leo Telesmanick and the Beetle Cat - Look at My Duratech



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 36 – Number 2  
June 2018



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request  
Address is 29 Burley St  
Wenham, MA 01984-1043  
Telephone is 978-774-0906  
There is no machine  
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks  
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman  
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:  
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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Dan Rogers took time off in April from his ongoing redo of his *Miss Kathleen* to look back to an earlier (and apparently still ongoing) hankering after tugboats and the house barges that they might tow. This sudden arising of an old fancy amidst the round the clock hustle and bustle of getting his *Miss Kathleen* afloat in her latest permutation was prompted when he spotted an article about mini tugs in a 1980 issue of *Small Boat Journal* amidst the "burgeoning pile of similar periodicals" in his "office." You might want to read his remarks on this subject on the opposite page before continuing with my observations about it.

Ever since some stone age man sat astride a log and cruised down a river, we have been trying to fit comfortable living accommodations aboard our choice of boats. Those with deep pockets simply had large enough "yachts" built to achieve a semblance of comfort afloat (maybe not all the comforts of home, where it doesn't rock and roll in rough weather). Those unable to afford such large scale living focused on fitting "comforts of home" into smallish odd shaped interiors. Some chose the house barge cum tug approach the old *SBJ* article suggested.

That's what Dan is again up to right now, judging from the finely furnished interior he has devoted so much effort to achieving this past winter. A previous effort on a smaller hull proved inadequate and he built a supplementary mini house barge to tow behind it. Alas, that combo proved unsatisfactory and so he's back again trying to get it all into a single hull. Where will it all end?

Dave Lucas down at the Tiki Hut in Florida is going through the same experience, his earlier fantail river launch, despite all its charms, simply did not hold all the comforts he desired and now he's at work turning a 30' racing sailboat hull into a really big river launch which he feels will indeed provide all he wants for room and comfort while afloat.

Comfort in a small boat is a relative concept. Keeping warm and dry are the basics, it's no fun being cold and wet "enjoying" a day on the water. Michael Beebe had some-

thing to say about this in his "Meanderings" in the May issue, "Went Out Sailing." So there's the boom tent and camp stove solution, or maybe even a cuddy cabin. That's how those British dinghy cruisers do it from what I see in their journal *Dinghy Cruising*.

But then, wouldn't it be nice to be able to stand up under cover. So a bigger boat is needed with a cabin house. Some efforts in that direction on still too small hulls have resulted in ungainly looking boats resembling floating motor homes.

The appeal of the separate tug and house barge approach is like that of towing a camp trailer with a pickup truck. More comfortable living space is possible in a purpose built house barge (camp trailer) with the tug (pickup) then available for getting about handily when the barge (trailer) is anchored or moored (parked).

I happen to be enchanted by mini tugs (although I'll not ever get to owning one in my remaining short supply of years). Long before boats became of interest in my life, as a child I played with "little trucks," not cars, and as a teenager I learned to drive farm tractors and old pickups off road long before I was old enough to venture forth onto the public roads. Loved every minute of it. Over now about 72 years of owning my own motor vehicles, family sedans became station wagons, then vans and finally pickup trucks, at last my favorites again. Yes, the mini tug does exert a strong appeal to me. Gotta watch that.

A lasting image from a long ago boating magazine that illustrated the real appeal to those who were readers of that magazine of being "snug and dry" in inclement weather that has stayed with me is a drawing of a large wing chair seen from behind to one side with smoke curling up from its hidden occupant's pipe while his feet rest upon a stool before a roaring fireplace on which mantel rest several ship models with club burgees displayed on the wall overhead. It's winter, off season, and isn't it great to be here where it's warm and dry and not have to go out in my boat today.

## On the Cover...

Long time reader Finn Wilster was going to build his *Sunny Sea* with his daughter, but tragically she was stricken with terminal cancer before they were able to get together on the project, so Finn decided to build it alone in her memory. As you can see on our cover, he succeeded, and none too soon as you will discover from his story and its aftermath on pages 28 and 29.

# Day Dreams

By Dan Rogers

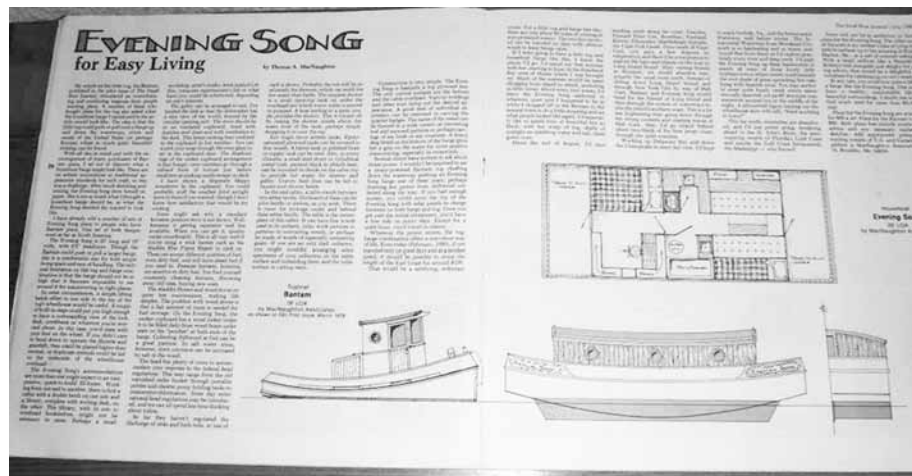
The cover says "July 1980, Vol 1, No 12...\$1.50." Of course, I'd seen it before, but not for a long, long time. The last issue of the first year, *The Small Boat Journal*. Headly times those, and there it was again in a burgeoning pile of similar periodicals, principally *Messing About in Boats*. And that pile has become the only record of over a decade of continual publication of my nautical rants and prevarications.

Not for the first time, Kate was pointing out the haphazard nature of my library. Just yesterday, in fact, she held a bit of an intervention on me and my office arrangement. My byline shows up in just about every issue of that substantial stack of paper. Kate thought I should "do something with it." That's when I rediscovered that two page article that has shuffled about in the shadows of my consciousness for just shy of 40 years.

The pilot issue of *SBJ* had run an article by the same author, Thomas MacNaughton, on his mini tug design called Bantam. He had alluded to towing a house barge in that first article. Apparently mine wasn't the only imagination that was piqued by such a concept. He certainly planted a seed that has found so much ample soil in my reveries that it continues to flourish to this very moment.

As these things go, I have turned out a string of Frankenbots that at least emulate the mini tug concept. I've turned out several mini house barges over the years, too. Never quite what I was aiming for, too small, too tippy, underpowered. At least they all, well most of 'em, were rather cute.

MacNaughton's basic premise was that a guy could "do" the Great Loop with a tug and barge combo such as the one he drew up. In similar stacks of old books and magazines I have renderings of tugs and barges of just about every imaginable variety from Atkin to Glen-L.



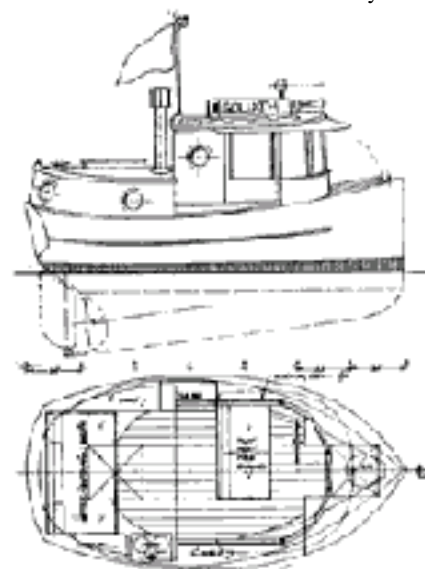
Phil Thiel, of course.



And Roy Schreyer.



And tugs from Benford to Eastman and so, so many others, hundreds and hundreds of dog eared pages and pored over drawings, sketches and photos. For me, this quest probably goes back even another decade earlier. The idea has been refined and distorted, abandoned and rediscovered constantly.




And now I've got one of the instigators spread out in front of me, except I'd better get back to organizing these book shelves. I'll just slip that funky little square book in someplace where I can find it.

Daydreams, daydreams.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### "Ships and Their Problems" Learn More about US Flag Ship Sinkings

On Wednesday, May 9 at 7pm in the Riverport Wooden Boat School classroom the Hudson River Maritime Museum will present "Ships and Their Problems" by Captain Joseph Ahlstrom, the third in its popular Follow the River Lecture Series. Captain Ahlstrom addresses the common elements and root causes of US flag ship sinkings from 1975 through today. This lecture focuses on deep water vessels including the *Edmund Fitzgerald*, *Poet*, *Marine Electric*, *El Faro*. Also included will be a brief description of two 2017 Navy vessel collisions.

Captain Ahlstrom has been a professor for 20 years in the Maritime Transportation Department at SUNY Maritime. He has served as Master of the Training Ship Empire State and Chairman of the Marine Transportation Department. In addition to his academic work, Captain Ahlstrom has served as captain of six separate vessels including tankers, freighters, container ships and research vessels. He is the author of Vessel Security Officer and has written over ten security plans for the private sector.

For more information, please contact Director of Education Sarah Wassberg Johnson at [swassberg@hrmm.org](mailto:swassberg@hrmm.org).

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Last Sailing Year

Replaced my Bolger Bob Cat with a Marshall Sandpiper. The Marshall is very solid and plows through the waves where the light Bob Cat would slide back, however, when it blows the Marshall is a bear to singlehand. The hard chine Bolger could easily be controlled by moving my weight to the deck. At 86 this will probably be my last sailing year. Still greatly enjoy your publication.

Paul Bunnell, Madison, CT



## Information of Interest...

### Fuel Gas Valving, Left Hand and Right

You may want to check with the author, but there is an error that could cause safety issues. While it is true the fuel gasses have left hand threads on the cylinder outlet, and fuel gas hoses are left hand threads, the control valves are all standard right hand threads. The control valves that are frequently used by operators are all standard right hand operation. I would not place any signs for operators of gas equipment, the only people working on the left hand portion of fuel gas runs are those qualified to do so.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding Steam Launch Golden Eagle, Old Lyme, CT

### USCG Interdicting Migrants

The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Reliance* located an overloaded 70' sail freighter approximately 20 miles off the northeast coast of Cuba. The *Reliance* crew launched their Over the Horizon small boats to assist the migrant vessel, which was taking on water. The small boat crews transferred 50 Haitian migrants to the cutter. The other 77 migrants refused lifejackets and the vessel entered Cuban Territorial Seas. The Cuban Border Guard took custody of the remaining 77 migrants for further disposition.



### Gathering Water Lilies

Your Old Town project brings to mind P.H. Emerson's "Gathering Water Lilies" that appears on the cover of Nancy Newhall's book, *P.H. Emerson*. The original is in the Met in New York. Newhall's book also contains other great marine photographs.

Along this vein I am happy to see your reprints from The Century Magazine. I grew up with this publication on the family bookshelves.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA



## Opinions...

### About Pettit Sea Gold

I was a little puzzled by Doc Regan's plug for Pettit Sea Gold in his March "Over the Horizon." I really enjoy his pieces and think they are a high point in the magazine, but in this case I wondered if he had really tried Sea Gold or was just passing on something he had read.

I did buy a can and tried it and, although I have not tested the durability (usually that takes years), the visual appeal, at least on mahogany (which it tends to turn blackish rather than enhance the red tones as a good varnish does) is unattractive at best.

I had been thinking about doing an article about some of the "varnish alternatives" and the idea of no sanding between coats and, had I followed through, Sea Gold certainly would have gotten a bad review from me.

I do recall back some years when Robb White gave LED trailer lights a bad rap and I felt the need to say that they were one of the great advances in trailer reliability, but I was such a fan of his writings that I said nothing, thinking that perhaps he had gotten a set of defective Chinese lights. I had been thinking of sending him a pair of the good ones but procrastinated and then it was too late.

Boyd Mefferd, Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

**(Editor Comments:** Boyd has been restoring mahogany runabouts for over 30 years.)

### Wisdom of the Ages

Watching these flying boats is fun, but not for your back or mine. As to hydrofoil canoes or kayaks, for how long do you suppose even a serious athlete could stay airborne with a paddle? Gotta be a bumpy ride.

Canoes and kayaks are the vessels of choice for our set. Other than on white water or surf, we can be in control. Electric launches may be even better. In small sailboats, things happen faster than I can react, or even think about reacting.



I patiently explain to the younger set, "The elder mind does not process information as rapidly as youth. You talk faster than I can hear!" They continue to chatter on faster than I can understand. I watch and hear people talking to each other and, while they are communicating perfectly, I have no idea of what's going on. Clearly it is my problem of hearing and aging.

Let's call it "Wisdom of the Aged."  
Irwin Schuster, Tamoa, FL



## This Magazine...

### Further Clarification Warranted

Two criticisms of my "Over The Horizon" reports warrant further clarification. One reader stated that my remarks about the US Merchant Marine Academy were no longer true. Technically the reader was correct. The USMMA's accreditation was restored late last year. However, the loss of accreditation is the most severe punishment laid out by the Middle States Commission on Higher Education. This means the institution was overwhelmingly deficient in several areas of academic and administrative regulations. The deficiencies had been in existence for a long time and in spite of constant warnings by MSCHE.

The USMMA failed to have appropriate strategic plans, resource allocations or evaluation methods. The USMMA failed to establish stated academic outcomes and expectations for its students. The USMMA failed to have self assessment plans and programs in place for both academic evaluation and financial review. The USMMA failed to have academic and appropriate scholarly administrators.

As a former Academic Dean I was, and remain, appalled that the USMMA could fail

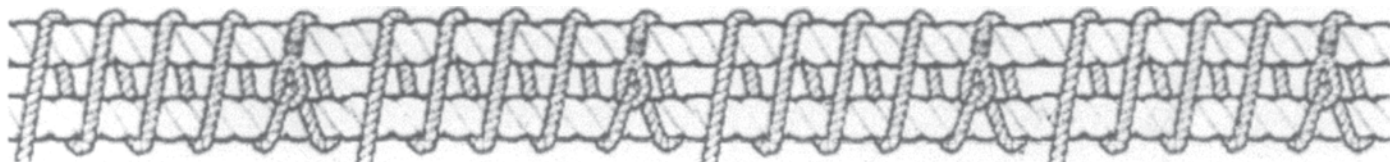
at such fundamental elements of higher education. The lack of oversight was at a level incomprehensible for such an institution.

The good news is that USMMA has indeed met the challenge and regained full accreditation. USMMA has a Rear Admiral at the helm and a scholar as Academic Dean. A plethora of new committees have been established to rectify and continually assess the sundry academic and administrative areas once found deficient. Good for them.

The second critic questioned my plug for Pettit Sea Gold. That reader is probably totally correct in his assumption that I really did not have a clue about which I wrote. Worse, I had no experience with the product. Most of the information in "Over The Horizon" is obtained from the internet or maritime/nautical/military journals and magazines. In this particular case I was passing on information that appeared in a magazine. Evidently the writer of the article on Pettit Sea Gold had more success and less knowledge of the product than my critic. My mistake, sir.

Ten lashes with a wet noodle on Sunday next. I am particularly pleased that people actually read my drivel and respond. If only I got paid for it!

Stephen D. (Doc) Regan



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Since 2005 the Middleton Stream Team, an active volunteer group in Middleton, MA, with the broad purposes of environmental stewardship, conservation, public service and education in Massachusetts' Ipswich River Watershed, has produced a wide ranging weekly called *The Water Closet* on water-related subjects from local to worldwide. It is primarily published for residents in the watershed but we now have readers in far-away places, served by our Email. *Water Closet* essays are published by the area's community newspaper, the *Tri-Town Transcript* and the Ipswich River Watershed Association.

Over the years readers have encouraged us and author Pike Messenger to put these essays together in a book. The publication effort leading to this book was initiated in 2009 with funds for the purpose set aside from a retirement party for Pike's service to the town as Middleton's Conservation Commission Agent. The Commission's secretary, Joan Caulfield, and weekly reviewer, John Bacon, prepared the manuscript, and Jill Buchanan of Zoom Consulting, Gloucester, put it into publishing form this summer.

300 essays published from 2006 through 2011 cover a wide range of "wet" subjects from alewives, to glacier sculpted local landscapes, to Indian and Colonial land use, to local water animals and plants, to floods, etc. Because we are again, after 400 years, in a time of beavers, these amazing animals and their works are often featured. Since the Stream Teamers' prime wading and paddling grounds are the wetlands, tributaries and river, many essays have arisen from year round explorations of them.

Every now and then tucked among the essays are what unenlightened skeptics of the environmental movement would call rants. There are also poems and reviews of recent books on watery subjects. A score of pictures by local photographers grace the pages.

Pike Messenger, author of the essays, has spent a lifetime near water. His boyhood playground and farm fields were along and in the salt marshes of the Merrimack River estuary. In the Navy he served on two ships in the Pacific. Returning to civilian life he taught 30 years of high school biology at Melrose High School and Triton Regional School on the edge of the Parker River estuary in Byfield, MA. After teaching he served Middleton for 14 years as Conservation Agent. Natural history, social history, biology, geology, rowing, paddling, conservation, gardening and hiking have been lifelong interests.

The book is now available at a cost of \$20 through area non-profits: The Middleton Stream Team, Middleton Historical Society,

Back in November of 2013 I reviewed this book because I felt it would be of some interest to readers with a broader outlook on the environment in which we mess about in our boats. Since then we have from time to time published selected current essays from *The Water Closet*, an online newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team, from which the book's content was assembled in 2006-2011. Response to that review was quite encouraging and now a second printing has been made so I am reprinting our 2013 review here for those who might have missed it first time around.

I hadn't been in touch with Pike for maybe 25 years since his Rings Island days so I reconnected with him and discovered that his weekly essays for some six years



## Book Review



### *The Water Closet* Ipswich River Watershed and Beyond

By Pike Messenger

Massachusetts Audubon at Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary, Essex County Greenbelt, and Ipswich River Watershed Association. All book sales receipts above publication and printing costs go to the participating non-profit organizations.

To order from the Middleton Stream Team contact Pike at (978) 774-1507, Pike.mid@verizon.net, or 32 Boston Street, Middleton, MA 01949. Make checks out to the Middleton Stream Team, \$20 if picked up or delivered locally. \$24 if mailed.

## Editor Comments

(2006-2011) had been collected together into a book entitled, unsurprisingly, *The Water Closet, Ipswich River Watershed & Beyond*. Pike gave me a review copy and I immediately got to reading all 440 pages, an essay or three at a sitting. It proved to be a wonderful read. While focused on our local river and its wetlands and all the issues surrounding such a situation, recreation, water supply, pollution, wildlife, open land preservation, the subjects covered are applicable to such locales all over the country.

Pike's subjects range widely, with the focus on our fresh waters being of particular interest to those readers who enjoy paddling

## Meandering on the Ipswich River September 23, 2013

By Pike Messenger  
Photos by Judy Schneider

Last week on a fine September afternoon four old timers left the web of asphalt that defines our modern way of life. Their brief respite from machines was on the Ipswich River in southeast Middleton, western Danvers and Peabody. Before those towns were incorporated, the river passed through western Salem, before that the country of the Naumkeags who had no mapped bounds. The world of modern Americans is not even close to the one of just two centuries ago before engine powered vehicles. If you want to get some hint of what it was like before trains, cars, and paved roads, you can follow our streams and river or skirt around many of our wetlands. The Indians and English of Salem had neither roads nor highways. Footpaths leading place to place gave way to rough horse and ox cart paths. Waterways were then a major means of getting self and stuff around.

The four Stream Teamers put their canoe and kayaks of plastic, not dugout pine or birch bark, in at Farnsworth Landing, corner of the river and state highway Route 114. The river, despite a dry late summer, had a fair amount of water thanks to beaver dams. Flow is now barely perceptible. On getting underway they meandered generally southwest into the sun paddling easily in the channel between lush flooded expanses of shoulder high smart weed and dying button bushes, many draped with climbing hemp weed. Duckweeds covering much of the water were dying after a prolific long season. It and several other aquatic plants on the wane offered no resistance to smooth hulls. A great blue heron rose gracefully just ahead and flapped up river as if leading them on. Solitary outside nesting season, they often do this, sometimes staying just ahead of paddlers for a couple miles or more.

The heron and paddlers were enjoying a wide floodplain covered with a couple of feet of water. Even the squiggly narrow channel is only 5' to 7' deep. The dense growth on either side kept the vessels from straying. In the great floods of 2001 and 2006 the water was five feet higher, flowing quickly toward the sea well above the swamp dogwood and button bushes. Bushes are far fewer now due to year-round beaver flooding. There used to be a dozen or more very large old willows spaced every few hundred yards, seemingly leaning on the channel. The paddlers found only two still standing with just a few leaved twigs amidst great dead branches. The rest

such streams or are involved, as is Pike and his fellow Stream Teamers, their preservation as natural assets. To best illustrate what you'll be reading, the September 23 *Water Closet*, just in as I write this, is included in this review.

I wanted to share this with all of you so herewith is some information about the book, including how to order up your copy if it appeals. This is an outstanding entirely volunteer effort, the proceeds go into the Middleton Stream Team funds for continuing its efforts at preserving and enjoying this community asset.

To learn more about the Middleton Stream Team go to: [www.middletonstreamteam.org](http://www.middletonstreamteam.org) or email them at: [StreamTeam@comcast.net](mailto:StreamTeam@comcast.net)

are down and rotting, no longer providing perches for the birds. They did admire a belted kingfisher flying between the two lonely survivors.

Obstacles expected were soon encountered. The two men clambered on to a one-foot high beaver dam crossing the channel and continuing on into flanking vegetation. They dragged their large canoe over the dam to the upriver side and then pulled over the lighter kayaks with paddlers. When the water is high in fall, winter, and spring, this dam and most of the others in the river are well underwater, so no impediment to navigation. The beavers like to keep the floodplain underwater. We have a story from one old timer of this floodplain, when it was "wet meadow", being mowed for fodder in late summer less than a century ago. Now it is largely impenetrable low jungle. Most of the trees that took over after farming days are gone. The returning beavers, starting fifteen years ago, drowned them; only plants that can take lots of water year around now thrive. In the last few years, reed canary grass has become dominant. Its leaves dried from bright green to light beige a couple of months ago.

Fifteen minutes after the first dam another similar one was encountered and the lifting-dragging up a foot was repeated. In less than one mile three low dams were crossed over. The vessels were three feet higher than when they started.

On rounding one turn, the tiny fleet was always rounding in the first mile, a juvenile cormorant rose from the water just in front of the lead vessel, which stopped and gave way to the Stream Team's photographer in her kayak. Her subject, diving now and then, kept just ahead of her, at times within a yard or so. One paddler reminded the group that cormorants much prefer swimming to flying. The group's new companion seemed not to want them with her, but not enough to struggle into the air, at least not on a short curving runway. Soon the feathered friend turned abruptly, fell astern, and slowly disappeared downriver from whence she came. We read somewhere these superb fishers can dive to a depth 50'.



After she left, the uplands on the Danvers and Middleton sides closed in and the river straightened. The floodplain narrowed as the paddlers neared Peabody. They were enjoying some shade from flanking swamp white oaks and red maples when a disturbance from half submerged roots caught their ears and eyes. A large beaver, followed immediately by another, left the rooted bank within fifteen feet of them. The pair submerged and swam under the vessels across the river from Middleton to Peabody. The startled humans exclaimed at their large size. Naturalist Paul Renzendes writes of one caught weighing 93 pounds.<sup>1</sup>

The tiny vessels with low freeboard were now beneath mature trees. They turned

west in cool air toward North Reading on calm reflecting water. The filtered sun had them in a glowing tunnel of green. Even the red maple leaves hadn't yet turned much to their namesake. However, a fall feel was very much in the air; perfect weather for paddling. Downed trees had the paddlers zigzagging around partially submerged branches. Houses were close by in Peabody to the south and Middleton to the north. In mid-river, on towns' bound buffered by woods, they couldn't be seen. With no effort car sounds were shut out. For three hours not a cell phone jingle was heard. The paddlers were close to their fellows yet well away.



The river flows pretty much on a straight line west to east in south Middleton just below the Lowell-Salem rail bed. The rails are gone; the way is a fine paved hiking trail thanks to the City of Peabody. Walkers and paddlers are screened from each other by bushes under a canopy of healthy trees.

Finally they encountered an ancient manmade obstacle not easily passed over when going up river against the current. It is the stone ruin of a causeway that once allowed farmers to go back and forth between fields in Peabody and Middleton, or least that is what some have long thought. They stopped below it for refreshment, rest and a quiet chat about what it was, when it was, and other things. One paddler, a lifelong resident of Middleton, told of boyhood trips down the river on truck inner tubes. He and friends would start near the North Reading line at B-B Chemical Company, now Bostik, Inc., and leisurely float all day the seven or so miles down to Peabody Street without cell phones or their mother's knowledge. He didn't say it, but the old timers present who had similar freedom and adventures when kids, heard the nostalgia in his voice.

A book by superb all around naturalist and turtle specialist David Carroll is being happily read now by the old Closeteer. In *Following the Water* Carroll in one of 180 lyrical pages, most filled with science, worries for members of his species.

"Though I know this wetland so well, in its purely physical as well as its ecological and metaphysical aspects, neither the familiarity nor hardships breed contempt. Being here has brought me knowledge, both tangible and ineffable, of a world apart, completely distinct, from that of my own kind. How many of us, and how often, think of the fact we live our time on a planet, within that planet's time? What good it to be alive on Earth and never come to know at least the place where one lives? We don't try to know it with our senses, much less with our minds and spirits. How many human feet in the industrialized world know anything more than floors, pavement, lawn, or manicured sandy beach in a lifetime? We live on Earth without walking on it. What do we touch with

our hands? So many human eyes and ears see only the human-constructed landscape, hear only human sounds. Wild hills and swamps are looked on casually, if at all... We are in fact overwhelmingly out of our senses. Our eyes are open for such a brief time, our appearance on Earth between two unfathomable sleeps. Are we to sleepwalk through it?"

Carroll doesn't often take flight like this. His feet are usually firmly in the mud and among the plants of his beloved turtle habitats. In three wonderful books<sup>2</sup>, he, with feeling, enthusiastically describes his central New Hampshire haunts.

The paddlers taking a break below the ruin turned and caught the current scarcely noticeable until riding with it. They were quieter on the two plus mile return back to pavement. Perhaps they were having thoughts such as Carroll's.

One old Closeteer read somewhere that over 90% of Americans live in cities. Olmsted<sup>3</sup>, genius creator of Central Park and the Emerald Necklace, tried his best to provide places with water, soil and vegetation for city dwellers. Carroll begs people to visit such places. Here in the Ipswich River Basin there are many near at hand. We have only to step off our roads and walk or paddle a bit. When you do, leave all electronic gadgets including cell phones in the car.

1 In his good book *Tracking and the Art of Seeing* Paul Renzendes tells of Jim Cardoza, Massachusetts wildlife biologist, reporting one weighing 93 pounds. Renzendes writes that most are 28 to 75 pounds.

2 We recommend *The Year of the Turtle*, *Swampwalker's Journal*, and *Following the Flow* by MacArthur genius grant award winner David Carroll to you.

3 Frederick Law Olmsted, 19<sup>th</sup> century landscape architect (*The Water Closet* is provided by the Middleton Stream Team: [www.middletonstreamteam.org](http://www.middletonstreamteam.org) or <MSTMiddletonMA@gmail.com> or (978) 777-4584





## Watch Log Canoe Races Aboard *Winnie Estelle* This Summer

CBMM is once again offering the opportunity to view Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races along the Miles River while aboard its 1920 buyboat, *Winnie Estelle*. The two-hour scenic cruises depart from CBMM at 9:30am on Sundays, June 24, July 29, and Sept. 16; at both 9:30am and 1:30pm on Saturdays, July 28, Sept. 8, and Sept. 15; and at 1:30pm only on Saturday, June 23. Regular drop-in cruises aboard *Winnie Estelle* are otherwise offered at CBMM Fridays through Mondays, May to October.

These iconic Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles, Choptank, and Tred Avon rivers on Maryland's Eastern Shore. With tall masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, thanks to crew members climbing to the ends of 15' boards that hang off the side of the canoe.

These two-hour special cruises aboard *Winnie Estelle* offer scenic views and photo opportunities, along with commentary from CBMM's docents and crew. The cost is \$28 for CBMM members, or \$35 for non-members, with boarding limited and advanced registration needed at [cbmm.org/onthewater](http://cbmm.org/onthewater).



## CBMM's Next Restoration Project

CBMM's next major shipyard project will be a restoration of the 1912 tug *Delaware*. The restoration will begin with lofting this coming winter following the launch of the 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood* in October, 2018 and start in earnest in January, 2019. "This is a full stem-to-stern restoration," said CBMM Shipwright James DelAguila, who will serve as lead on the project. "We're excited to get started."

With work taking place in full public view, CBMM's shipwrights and apprentices will begin work on *Delaware's* keel, stem, and horn timber in early 2019, then progress to framing and planking in the latter half of the year. Work on deck structures will follow, with the project anticipated to take two years.

8 – *Messing About in Boats*, June 2018



## Chesapeake Maritime Museum News

Built in Bethel, DE, by William H. Smith, *Delaware* once hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, DE. Occasionally, she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River. Donated to CBMM by Bailey Marine Construction in 1991, *Delaware* is now a member of the floating fleet on display along CBMM's waterfront campus.



## Tradition, Speed and Grace: Chesapeake Bay Sailing Log Canoes

The thrill of log canoe racing, 4 to 18 people in choreographed motion, balancing the strain on the rig, calling out puffs and lifts, eyeing the competition, sailing low on the water with enough horsepower to exceed theoretical hull speed in optimum conditions, is an experience seldom equaled, and one that is explored in a new book, *Tradition, Speed and Grace: Chesapeake Bay Sailing Log Canoes*, released in May by the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.

The hard-cover 150-page book is written by John C. North II, and includes more than 140 color and black-and-white illustrations and photographs. In *Tradition, Speed and Grace*, North recounts his perspective on the sport from his 70 years of log canoeing. The book also includes individual profiles of the remaining 23 canoes in the fleet, along with a chronology of log canoe racing and line drawings of canoes from the CBMM collection.

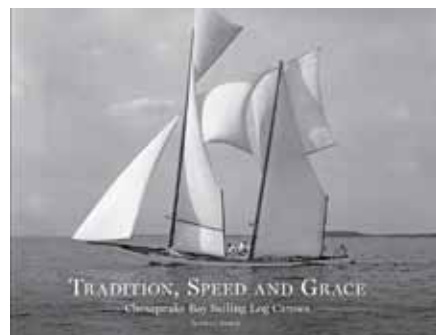
John C. North II was born and raised in Talbot County and was one of the founders of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, became its first Vice President and later its President. His family now owns and campaigns four Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes, and he captains *Island Bird*, built in 1882 by his great-grandfather.



"This book gives the reader an on-board, intimate experience with Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes," said CBMM Chief Curator Pete Leshner. "Aboard the canoe, in the clubhouse, and during long tows, the Judge has recounted many wonderful stories about log canoe racing in a variety of personal settings. Now with this book, Judge North shares his experience, his knowledge, and his passion with readers from all over the world."

"Although countless articles on log canoe sailing have appeared in nearly every periodical covering yachting generally or the Chesapeake Bay region, sailing log canoes have not received a book-length treatment since M.V. Brewington's 1963 *Chesapeake Bay Log Canoes and Bugeyes*, which reprinted his earlier 1937 volume on the subject," writes Leshner in the book's Foreword. "Much has occurred in log canoe racing since 1937, so a book on this subject is overdue."

Limited, first-edition books will be sold at CBMM's Museum Store for \$65 and began on May 12, with Judge North signing books in the Museum. Advanced, signed copies of *Tradition, Speed and Grace* can be reserved in the store or online at [bit.ly/log-canoes](http://bit.ly/log-canoes). 100% of the book's proceeds benefit the children and adults served by CBMM's year-round education, restoration, and exhibition programs.



# Buffalo Maritime Center

## Spring Update 2018

By Greg Grundtisch

Last fall I reported on the *Honorah* being brought indoors at The Buffalo Maritime Center. This boat was donated to the Center and has been undergoing a lot of restoration and repair; and it appears to be on schedule for this season's launch. Many deck parts, hatches and hardware have been removed and repaired and are soon to be re-attached to the boat. The interior has also been cleaned of all debris accumulated over the years and many internal components have been removed for paint and varnish. There are plans to saturate and seal the bilge with penetrating epoxy.

Meanwhile, on the outside many volunteers have stripped the hull of all paint and varnish. Volunteers cleaned out all the seams of compound and caulk and epoxied in cedar splines. The hull was turned over on its side and is being faired and made ready for a fiberglass cloth and epoxy covering from the waterline down. The hull will then be turned over on the other side and the process repeated. The hull will be finished bright from the waterline up. The mast turned out to be in worse shape than thought and a new one is being made using the existing rigging and hardware which was still in very good shape.



Carol Schmidt, center, is leading a group to fair out *Honorah's* hull.



The deck of the *Honorah*, stripped of most parts and hardware.

The old mast that will be replaced.



The other project is to finish building the *USS Trippe*. This has taken more time than was first anticipated due to some unforeseen changes that needed to be made with some deck beams and bulkhead placement by previous builders. John Lloyd has taken the lead in this project with several other volunteers and now, with the changes completed, work is moving forward. The deck and cockpit are the next steps in the build and have now begun along with several other aspects of the build, including the deckhouse, hatches and covers.



John Lloyd and a volunteer working on the *Trippe*.

There are still other builds, repairs and classes ongoing, along with the Hand to Hand program with the schools and many other everyday projects, building updates and shop maintenance. There are currently plans for an historic Boat Museum addition to the Center as well. There are ongoing meetings and discussions in regard to this project.



Mark McQuestion working on a building mold for a Drift Boat.



The ongoing building of the Erie Wailer.

Stop in and visit the Center or look online and see what's new. Be a part of it and volunteer to work on some of the restorations and builds, or work with school kids in the Hand to Hand program or any of the other projects that are always underway. The Center is always looking for people to help out any of these.

For additional information, or just to look at some of the finished project photos or newsletters, go to [Buffalomaritimecenter.org](http://Buffalomaritimecenter.org).

# ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

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### The Island Concept

When asked by other paddlers, where I have done most of my long-distance paddling, I tell them that I have paddled around New England and the Canadian Maritimes. “Me too”, is normally the answer, “some stretches in New Hampshire, Maine and even up in Nova Scotia”. I smile, and notice that maybe I should have said: “I circumnavigated all New England states and most of the Canadian maritime provinces, a 4,000 mile loop...and also in many other places”.

At that point I am mostly staring at blank faces of paddlers who cannot picture any of what I just said. How can a 60+ year old guy go 4,000 miles solo in a 17' sea canoe, totally unassisted, mostly on the Atlantic ocean. And what about that “loop around New England and the Canadian Maritimes bit. It is no island I ever heard of”.

You are right. It does not stand out like a clear island, like Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Iceland or the British Isles. And yes, I could have added that I did not do it in one long trip, but over seven summers (roughly one 1,000-miler and six 500-milers). I was still teaching and could not take off more time from school and family duties. But if you look at a map, you will notice that it can be done: you can navigate a boat around all those states and provinces in one big loop, without a single portage.

I got intrigued about that option when I was reading about Howard Blackburn, dory fisherman and solo sailor extraordinaire from Medway, Nova Scotia and Gloucester, Massachusetts. One of his sailing trips was “the inner loop”, as he called it, from New York, up the Hudson River into the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes to Chicago, and from there via the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers into the Gulf of Mexico. Then, hanging a left at its mouth, he eventually rounded Florida and sailed back up the Atlantic to New York (see Joseph Garland: *Lone Voyager*). A young rower recently retraced Howard's route in a modern rowing skiff, as you can read in Nat Stone's *On the Water*.

### The “Outer Loop”

A great story! But my heart is in the northeast of the US and in maritime Canada, not on the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. So I wondered what would happen if those boaters had gone northeast instead of west, when they got to Albany and Troy on the Hudson River. What if they had not taken the Erie Canal, but rather the Champlain Canal, into Lake Champlain and from there into the Richelieu River, the Chambly Canal and into the St. Lawrence eventually. All you have to do then is hang a right in Sorel, paddle past Québec City, get around the Gaspé peninsula, paddle along New Brunswick's Gulf of St. Lawrence shore and around Nova Scotia eventually. In Digby, prudence will dictate taking the 3-hour ferry ride across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, New Brunswick. But from there it is a more or less straight hitch down the Atlantic coast back to New York and the Hudson River. So you see, it can be done.

Strange as it may sound, all 6 New England states and 2 of the Canadian maritime provinces (New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland being islands already) form an “island” you can paddle, row, sail or motor around. This “outer loop”, as I like to call it, is a big one like Blackburn's “inner loop”, about 4,000 miles around. (German ocean kayaker Freya

## Around New England and the Canadian Maritimes In a Solo Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch  
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Hoffmeister might scoff at that after having circumnavigated Australia and South America, but to my knowledge, nobody has paddled my “outer loop” solo and unassisted.)

But getting back to my “modest” 4,000-mile loop. Right from the beginning I was intrigued by the varied terrain I would come through, as well as the strands of history of our early explorers that I would encounter. There were John Cabot, Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Henry Hudson and George Waymouth, not to mention the more seasonal Basque, Spanish, French and British fishermen. And let's not forget the Vikings, who landed at L'Anse aux Meadows, at the northern tip of Newfoundland, around the year 1,000. I had read so much about that area that I was very eager to get started. And why not start with a big bang, a 1,000-miler. I wanted to make a statement as a 60-year-old geezer (in 1999), a “pencil pusher” (professor), but also a trained athlete.

Yes, I was able to pull it off without a hitch, no mishap or damage to boat, body or soul. I averaged 27 miles a day for 37 days in my first 1,000-mile stint. That equates to 37 marathon distances in a row with only one stopover in Québec City for re-supplying. And as usual on my trips, I stopped at no motels or commercial campgrounds, no stores, no marinas, except for topping off my two 10-liter water containers - a very frugal, focussed affair.

### The Trip Begins



I could have started my loop anywhere, but I chose Lake Champlain to give myself a chance to get ready for the big St. Lawrence and the open Atlantic eventually. The 150-mile long lake was very scenic with its mountains along both the western and eastern shores, accentuating any blow from the north or south. The Richelieu River and the 9-mile Chambly Canal, which avoids the river stretch of the “mile roche”, the 1,000 rocks, and a couple of hydro dams, were absolutely delightful, and oh so French. I loved it. Getting out into the St. Lawrence at Sorel was a different story. The “Canada River” as it was formerly known, is now a mighty seaway with huge freighters and bulk carriers. No vessel smaller than 20', weighing less than 2,000 pounds, without a motor, is allowed in the locks, as I found out on a later trip from the last of the Great Lakes to

Québec City. But no locks and no problem now. The St. Lawrence is free-flowing from Montreal, and it is much bigger than I had pictured. However, in places it was choked with islands, making navigating quite challenging. You need real NOAA charts; no road or fishing maps, please!



Down the St. Lawrence.

Past Québec City the river gets real big, 30 miles wide at its mouth. And “the tides they were a-ripping” around each point. I was taxed to the max, especially rounding the formidable, steep, rocky cliffs of Cape Gaspé, the “end of the world” in Mi'kmaq. The Canadian national park Forillon at its tip also forbids paddlers to camp anywhere along its 25-mile long shoreline, which turns this corner into a real nightmare. I was dancing all right. So paddlers, watch out!



Rounding the Gaspé.

New Brunswick's Gulf of St. Lawrence shore is quite different from the steep, rocky Gaspé peninsula. I encountered about 300 miles of sandy beaches, great for swimmers, but not always for boaters, since the shore break could extend way out to sea in any wind, making landing very taxing.

Near the bridge to Prince Edward Island (built in 1997) the New Brunswick shoreline changes yet again, turning mostly into rusty-brown sandstone, almost all the way to Canso Strait, the 10-mile-long arm separating Cape Breton Island from the rest of Nova Scotia. This island is one of my all-time favorites, but also one of the most challenging paddling venues. The shores are steep, take-outs for the night are hard to come by, and the northern tip into Cabot Strait (pointing towards Newfoundland) is real rough and foreboding, trust me. But it intrigued me a lot, because it may have been the place where John Cabot first landed in the New World (in 1497), and not on Newfoundland, as many historians maintain. Sailing latitudes, John Cabot must have headed for the northern tip of Newfoundland OK, since it is on the same latitude as his point of departure, Dursley Head, the southwestern-most cape of the British Isles, at 50°40'. But he missed his target in a north-east storm, we hear, and all of Newfoundland, as a matter of fact, and thus must have eventually landed on Cape Breton Island. (Read more about it in my article “John Cabot's



Prima Terra Vista" on my website.)

When I did my 1,000-miler, prudence and time dictated that I postpone Cape Breton Island for a later date. At that point it was too daunting and intimidating. However, it stayed on my mind, and at age 68 I finally did it, and the following year I paddled up the western shore of Newfoundland as well. Yes, I made it all the way up to L'Anse aux Meadows, the "Bay of Jellyfish" ("Meadows" being a British corruption of the French word "méduse", meaning jelly-fish). Around 1,000, the Vikings landed here also. But that is a different story.

### Finally the Open Atlantic

Rounding Cape Canso at the eastern end of Canso Strait (Nova Scotia), the open Atlantic hits you with a jolt and refuses to let go of you. Waves and swells are so much bigger, and in summer the wind is mostly in your face, from the SW, at a constant 15-25 knots. And then there is fog, lots of it, which makes navigating by dead-reckoning amongst the many islands and around the headlands a real challenge. I paddled about 550 miles along Nova Scotia's rugged coast, till I rounded into the Bay of Fundy at Cape Sable Island, taking out at Digby eventually. After the ferry ride across that notorious bay, I mostly rode the ebb tide back to Maine from St. John, New Brunswick. Maine with its Maine Island Trail was very familiar territory for me. And oh, what a relief it was to find legal overnight spots on the many islands of the trail (see the MITA Trail Guide). This was much harder on the more exposed stretch between Boston and Portland, and even more so towards the stretch to New York: PRIVATE, KEEP OFF! However, I managed fine with my stealth camping. On my 4,000-mile trip I was thrown out only three times: once in the Canadian National Park in Gaspé (Forillon), then on an unmarked military recreational area south of Boston, and again at the Columbia University rowing club on the Harlem River, New York, despite my written permission to camp there.

That was a hard night, believe me, waiting for 3:00 a.m., my starting time towards formidable Hells Gate, where I had to hit dead low tide (at 5:00 a.m.) in order to flush through the turbulent narrows into Long Island Sound. The rest of my last 500-mile stint from Lake Champlain to Boston went fine, even though the Connecticut and Massachusetts

shoreline scenery was extremely boring: one beach house next to the other. It was a relief to see Nancy at my take-out at Revere Beach/Boston. With this, the last segment of my big "outer loop" was complete. I had done most of my segments in a clockwise direction; only the stretch from Lake Champlain to Boston and up to Machias, Maine was done in the other direction, because of prevailing winds, river flow and ocean tidal considerations.



Trip stickers on stern of boat ("Been there, done that")

### Summary

So there you have it. My "outer loop" is an island, and there are no portages whatsoever. Did I ever worry I would not be able to finish my trip? Not really, because I never set myself up for failure and only concentrate on one segment at a time, often only one mile, the next point of land and so on. Every stretch is carefully researched ahead of time, with my NOAA nautical charts and Coast Guard Sailing Directions. All pertinent information is transferred to my charts, as well as all danger and take-out spots marked with a magic marker. And I always have a plan B. So "failure is not an option". As you can see, I am no drifter "going with the flow", but a prudent planner. I maintain that success is no accident, but is carefully planned. I carry a VHF radio to get the latest weather report or use it to hail other boats, marinas or locks. I also have a personal locator beacon, SPOT, which I press whenever I land, so that my family can see exactly where I am on the Google Earth satellite map. And each afternoon at 5:00 p.m. I call Nancy on my old Iridium satellite phone for a quick, 3-minute safety check-in.

To some people, my trips sound rough and reckless, but to me, they really aren't that extreme. OK, I travel solo, since I found out

that traveling with a partner or in a group is usually more of a liability for me than a safety net. (Yes, I do enjoy paddling with family or a close friend, but not on my more demanding long trips.) I am well equipped, informed and in shape. I know what I can or can't do, and am prudent enough to bail out when necessary. Nobody pushes or goads me into situations I don't like. I am solely responsible for myself. I AM IT, and I am fully aware of that. Thus for me, going solo is the ultimate challenge, offering ultimate rewards. I like it that way.

Happy paddling, my friends, make good decisions, be safe and enjoy.



Meticulous trip planning.

### References

For more detailed trip reports with pictures and charts/maps go to:  
[www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com](http://www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com)

Boat: 17'2" Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe with Zaverall bent-shaft carbon fiber canoe paddle.

Maine Island Trail Association: check out: [www.mita.org](http://www.mita.org)

Joseph Garland: *Lone Voyager*.

Nat Stone: *On the Water*.



North with the geese on Lake Champlain.



Back in Maine (Downeast sunrise).



I just read the brief story about the German “Klabautermann” in the March issue of *Messing about in Boats*. The author was sailing in the Adriatic Sea, with no wind, so they stopped for a swim. At that point, the author lowered a mesh bag 150’ into the water with a six-pack of beer to cool, but to his surprise later found only 5 bottles in the net. His conclusion: the Klabautermann, “that old prankster”, took it.

Well, let me tell you this about that. It’s a good story for those who are unaware of the real German Klabautermann concept but I feel compelled to share with you readers/boaters what I feel is “the Real Story” about the Klabautermann.

He is everything but “a symbol of luck...insuring a safe journey”, nor is he a prankster stealing anything as trivial as a bottle of beer. Ask any North Sea or Baltic sailor or fisherman to get a definition of the Klabautermann. Correct, the name is of north German/Dutch origin (my neck of the woods) and is used for a sea spirit/hobgoblin that makes a lot of noise, like a real person clambering about below decks, bumping into everything. In the older North Sea dialect, also known as Low German, the verb was klabautern/klabastern.

A Klabautermann has never been seen, only heard, so there are no tangible pictures of him. He is just a spirit, and never a good one. He does not help sailors out of a tight situation or save sailors gone overboard; he is but a bad omen for imminent doom. Sailors do not pour a shot of “schnapps” overboard “to insure a safe journey. By the way, that ritual is reserved for Neptune, who gets the first measure of rum, not any old “Schnapps.

The Klabautermann also never appears at anchor or in a light breeze, but only in a severe storm of about force 11(60 knots), with a matching sea state of about 15’. When the Klabautermann appears, the boat and its crew are in serious trouble. His appearance is a foreboding and dreaded warning of the worst to come, as in the old German folk song about a boat going down on the North Sea Doggerbank with all hands. All my sailing friends including my grandfather, the old windjammer sea captain, agree with this interpretation.

I have heard and felt him around me on at least three significant moments. He is the sailor’s personification of the powers of nature in a severe storm. If you have ever sailed under those conditions, with storm jib and try sail, or just lay hove to, with hope-

## “Klabautermann”

### The Real Story

By Reinhard Zollitsch  
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[www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com](http://www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com)

fully enough sea room downwind, you know what I am talking about. There is so much power in the rigging that shrouds and stays begin to vibrate vigorously and shake the entire boat. Everything begins to shake and quiver, everything hums, whistles and screeches. The noise is horrendous, on deck and even worse below decks.

If you happen to be on watch, you have to yell at the top of your voice to be heard, while belowdecks everything begins to rattle: pots are clanking, dishes are clinking, silverware is tingling. It sounds as if someone, though invisible, is having a big and loud drunken party below. Sail bags fall off their shelves with loud thuds, cabinet doors will eventually open, disgorging their contents with an unbelievable crash. It is mayhem! And when the boat falls off an especially big wave, the bell on the foremast rings, one eerie ring only...

The Klabautermann has arrived! You can’t see him, but you hear him for sure, and you hope he won’t take the boat down. It is a bad situation that sailors dread. So you see, there is nothing funny about a Klabautermann. He is no good luck charm and does not look like the jolly old fellow with a cornucopia pipe.

I grew up in northern Germany between the Baltic and the North Sea, where I sailed and worked on all kinds of ships/boats, I even worked in a shipyard. Since coming to the US, I have sailed trans-Atlantic twice (on a 45’ schooner and a 60’ classic racing yawl).

I have felt the presence of the Klabautermann three times in my life, the worst one in a 60 knot storm near Sable Island off Nova Scotia that lasted 36 hours, 36 hours of hell, sailing in the ocean instead of on the ocean. I was a watch captain on a trans-Atlantic crossing on a Maine-built 45’ wooden schooner, owned and skippered by a French pharmacist. He was almost always more or less inebriated and never let us reef down in time. Already at 40 knots we could no longer get out on the bowsprit or reef the large mainsail.

We were finally forced to take down all sails except for a triple-reefed foresail. But

with that sail configuration, we had lost all fore and aft control of the boat and were at the mercy of wind and waves, and that in the area that later became known for the Perfect Storm. And the waves on those fishing banks near Sable Island were horrific and so confused that we rolled from gunwale to gunwale. And the noise above and below decks was just as bad as I described above.

The situation was particularly disturbing for me sailing aboard a schooner named *Fiddler’s Green*, where the ocean floor suddenly becomes the dance floor for deceased sailors, with the Fiddler being Death, the Grim Reaper. (Listen to The Irish Rovers’ song “Fiddler’s Green”.) Not a happy thought. We were in shock, pummeled into submission by the wild forces of nature, barely hanging in there.

It took me 25 years to write up that story and revisit Nova Scotia. It was such an intense experience. It was a true Klabautermann scenario. I would gladly have shared my beer with him, to pacify him. But no, we had to claw our way out of that situation, and we did. For you sailors out there, I wish you never encounter a Klabautermann. He is no prankster, no good luck charm; avoid him if you can.

The last half of Connie’s article is then taken verbatim from Wikipedia, which admits basing their Klabautermann info on one source only, which, however, is never identified. So, how much trust do we boaters out there have in something like that? But worst of all, it totally fails to explain how the Klabautermann got his name, what he stands for and implies: the Klabautermann is the sailors’/fishermen’s personification of the loud, intimidating noises of nature in a severe and threatening storm at sea. A visit from him mostly means the end for boat and crew. Now you know!

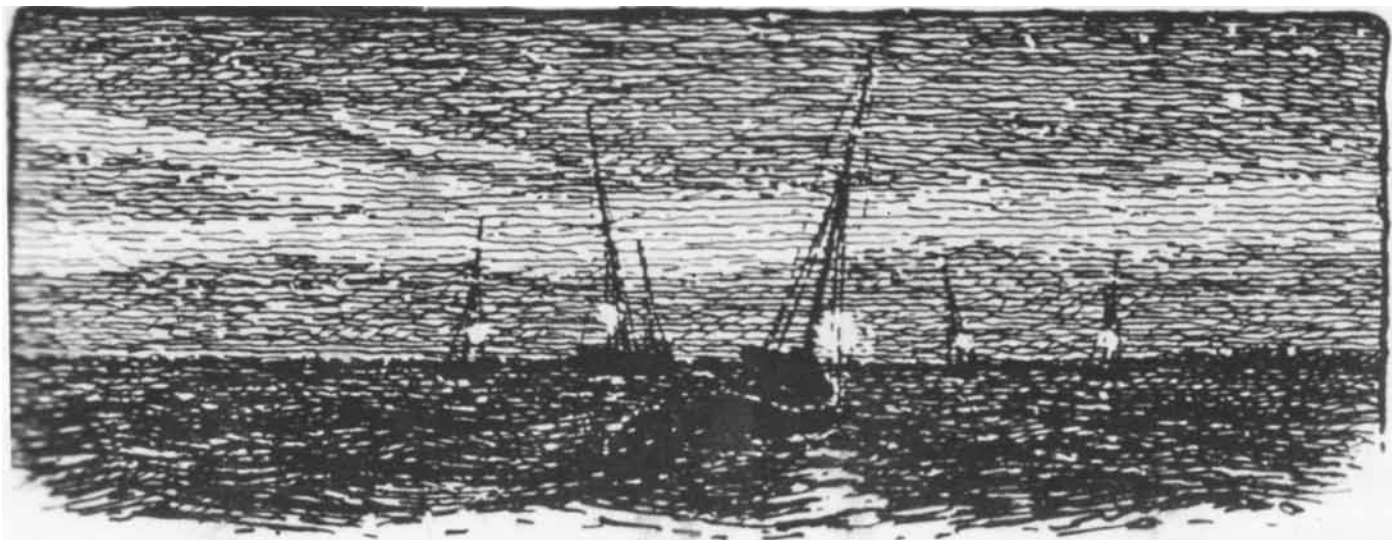
Stay safe, and stay away from the Klabautermann!

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Connie Benneck: “An Encounter with the Klabautermann”, *Messing About in Boats*, March 2018.

Reinhard Zollitsch: “Fiddler’s Green Across the Atlantic”, [www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com](http://www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com)

The Irish Rovers-Fiddler’s Green – You Tube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JaRnXzEsB5U>





# Annan Coastal Rowing Regatta, 2017

## July 22nd ~ 23rd



Keith Muscott

*Pride of Annan heads down river for the open Firth*

I VISITED THIS EVENT, to which Christine McNay, Curator of Annan Museum, had alerted me some weeks before, after I returned from the Lough Erne rally in Northern Ireland. A programme of races on 1½-mile courses had been arranged for the Saturday, followed by a cruise in company across the Solway Firth to Cumbria on Sunday 23rd, to re-enact The Bell Raid for the fourth year in succession. Annan has two St. Ayles Skiffs now (*see box*), which they built from Jordans kits.

On Saturday morning the rain was prolonged and monsoon-like in Carlisle, so I decided the conditions were unfit for spectating and opted to visit Annan on Sunday only. The Saturday racing programme was followed more or less as planned, though, and it seems that the Annan skiffs won the laurels.

The intention on Sunday was to send a flotilla of rowing skiffs down the river in company with safety boats to cross the Solway Firth roughly parallel to the line of the former long-gone Caledonian railway viaduct. A rendezvous was planned with the community of Bowness-on-Solway on the Cumbrian coast, where The Bell Raid would be commemorated, followed by a short walk into the village for a pub lunch or picnic. Bowness is the western terminus of the Hadrian's Wall Path.

As you would expect, the original Bell Raid occurred during the time of the Border Reivers, in 1626, in what had been called, with a shudder, 'The Debatable Lands'.

As most of you will know, the St Ayles Skiffs are a real success story. The design was commissioned in 2009 by the Scottish Fisheries Museum for the Scottish Coastal Rowing Project, to stimulate boat-building as well as activities on the water. Unlike traditional large gigs and similar, these boats are relatively 'easy' and quick to produce, especially as Jordans Boats produces accurately-cut plywood kits containing planks, frames and building moulds to ensure a proper one-design. They are light, 22ft long with a 5ft 8ins beam, and are usually crewed by four rowers and a cox, so it is easy to find crews for them, and easy to tow them around the country. The main idea is to encourage communities to become involved in the project in the same way they were involved with their own local traditional boats in the past. The intention is to re-connect coastal communities with the sea and to promote inter-community competition – and good relations. Iain Oughtred was the obvious choice as designer, and he based his design on the Fair Isle Yoal. Double-ended and beamy, the skiffs are stable and seaworthy compared with many dedicated rowing boats. Oars, at ±12ft, must be made of timber; metal crutches and rowlocks are not allowed. By 2017 over 200 boats had been built worldwide. England, Northern Ireland, the United States, Australia and New Zealand joined the communities around the Scottish Coast in their enthusiasm for this traditionally-styled rowing skiff with its very modern overtones.

A Scottish raiding party crossed from Annan, probably on foot, following the low-tide 'waths' or fords, and stole the bells of Bowness church. Either the disgruntled Cumbrians were catching up with them while they were still returning over the Firth, or the racing flood tide was biting their heels, but either way the bells were now too heavy to be acceptable hand luggage on this day trip so they were dropped in the middle of the Solway.

This might be dismissed as a romantic legend were it not for two ancient bells that were kept in the porch of a little church in Bowness, one dated 1612, said to have come from Dornock and Middlebie, suggesting a successful Cumbrian revenge strike on the nearby Scottish parish (these bells were still there in the 1950s).

As recently as the 1960s it was

the duty of the minister of Dornock to write to Bowness when a new rector was appointed there, for the return of these bells, to which the traditional reply was, 'Only when ours come back from the sea.' (Still disgruntled, then.)

If there is one thing that must be done to a good legend, it is to embroider it, so the English bells can sometimes be heard now, ringing out over the water from their home in the 'Bell Pool' in mid-channel on quiet evenings.

It seems impossible to arrange the events of the annual Regatta to keep people out of the pub after the races or the Raid, so there are moments when the spectators have to rest and withdraw temporarily from the hectic pace of the day, and if they are truly blessed, they will hear the bells again, chiming as clearly as if they were inside their heads, thus confirming the story as hard fact. Well, I believe it.

Two anti-drinking diversionary activities this year were a visit to Annandale Distillery, followed by a barbecue with music on Saturday evening in the Blue Bell Inn, to which everyone was invited. I'm sure these Temperance initiatives had the desired effect and the tendency to inebriation was effectively discouraged.

Last year's Bell Raid was abandoned when the teams reached Bowness-on-Solway, after one boat was overturned by a big wave. Conditions were calmer on this Sunday. In fact the weather was pleasant enough, if a little overcast at times. No more monsoon rains.

Skiffs were launched on both days from the slipway at Annan Harbour, where there is parking for cars and trailers. This is a historic site which is easy to walk to from the town centre, or to drive to and park. The name for the precise riverside area is the Welldale, which raises the hairs on the back of my neck because it is so closely associated with the whammels and other memorable boats I have been researching.

My day began when I parked the car there and started searching in vain for a human being to talk to. This may have been the effect of the healthy Temperance activities, encouraging them all to go the extra mile and be sure they got their beauty sleep until late morning.

My main concern was to find someone who could converse about the history of the place and its boats. I said as much to a fisherman who came chugging up the spur of the river to the quayside, and he said, 'I think you'll find that he's your man', indicating someone who had just appeared by one of the Annan skiffs parked on the site of the old Nicholson boatyard, a skiff which he had built, I discovered later. He was busy preparing it for the day's jaunt.

As soon as I told him that I wanted to hear about local boats, he said that he knew what I wanted because he guessed I must be Keith Muscott. He had

some of our DCA journals, passed on to him by Christine McNay. This was Malcolm Willacy, descendant of the Lune Valley Willacys who emigrated north to Annan in the 1850s with other Lancastrian families when the salmon fishing was good up the Irish Sea and the Solway Firth, but the Lune Estuary was becoming too congested to accommodate all the whammel-netters, haaf-netters and the like.

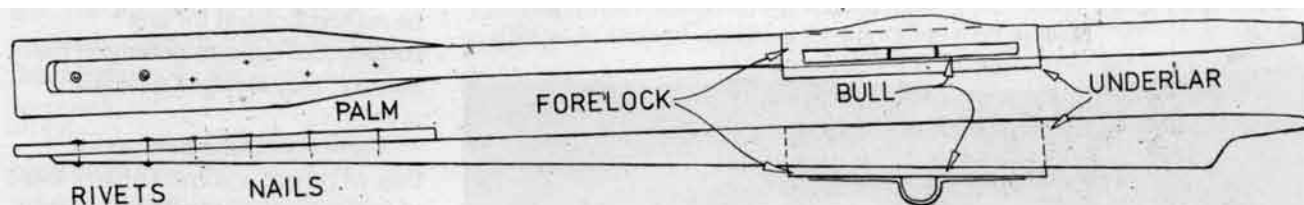
We got down to the business of boats, especially the skiff that was right under our noses.

The first things that caught my eye were the thole pins (*right*), which were similar to those I'd seen on the ancient photograph of William and Grace Darling's coble. The rope grommet has to be a tight fit (even the thickest shock-cord is too stretchy for the job – it has to be stiff rope). And though tight enough to hold the oar very securely, it is still easy to swing it around and up and down – everything except feather it. Once more it was shown to me that you don't know the first thing about these old ways and traditional devices until you have laid hands on them.

The thole pins are oak and the oars are of Siberian pine, light, strong and knot-free. So much more congenial than heavy Douglas Fir, fine wood though

The oars of the Montrose coble shown at the top of the next page, and those of the Northumbrian Coble (*bottom right here*) have been replicated roughly, all in wood, in the skiff *Thistle's* oars (*next above, right*) as metal crutches and rowlocks are not allowed in the Skiff rules. *Thistle's* oars have three holes to fit the thole pin, to cater for different rowers, or positions. That problem does not exist with the rope grommet shown above it. *Thistle's* oars are thicker, heavier and knottier than the Annan oars. Making oars like this out of bits and pieces and off-cuts was expected of old-time fishermen in their basic small boats, but it is a villainous way to produce oars for competition skiffs. However, see my caption for the shot of *Thistle* and *Spirit of Aln* on the third page on from here. Were these oars actually used?





that is in its way. We do not have the weather to grow timber like this in the UK. A consistent level of hard frost is required through winter to freeze off the sprigs of recent growth lower down the boles of the trees and leave the wood free of knots over long runs. The timber used in Annan is sourced through a Penrith woodyard, but wherever you buy wood of this quality in the UK – it is expensive.

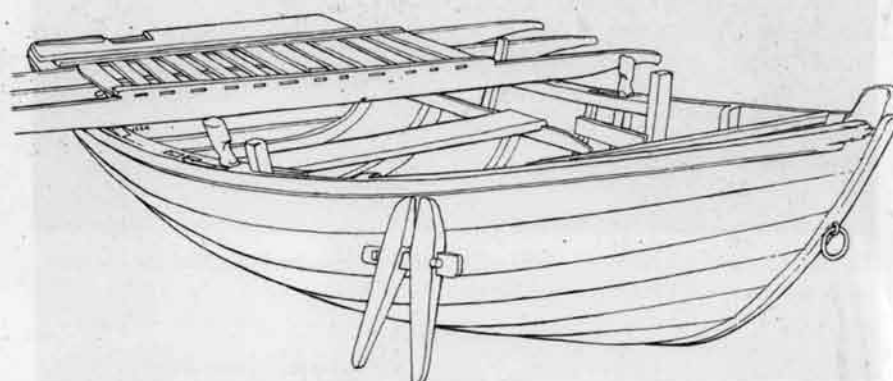
The oars had been fabricated using polyurethane-based glue. I discovered no taste for epoxy among Annan boatbuilders.

Malcolm was very happy with the rope grommets on the thole pins, and I had the impression that they had experimented and tested ideas before settling for this simple low-tech historical solution.

He is also convinced that the skiffs tend to perform differently even though they are all built using the same computer-cut planks and frames, which has no logical explanation, but boats defy logic; it's what they do best.

The present project of the Annan community boatbuilders is to build two Oughtred 'Tammie Norries' side by side, unusually for these days built upright in proper clinker style, using planks of boatskin larch 11mm thick, not marine plywood, and copper nails and roves. The job keeps two or three of them busy, the main spar-maker being Robin Edwins of Ecclefechan, ex-Merchant Navy, who also builds boats of his own.

By this time crews were beginning to appear and slowly adhere to the various skiffs, so our conversation became threatened (though it was obvious that no-one was contemplating a le Mans start).

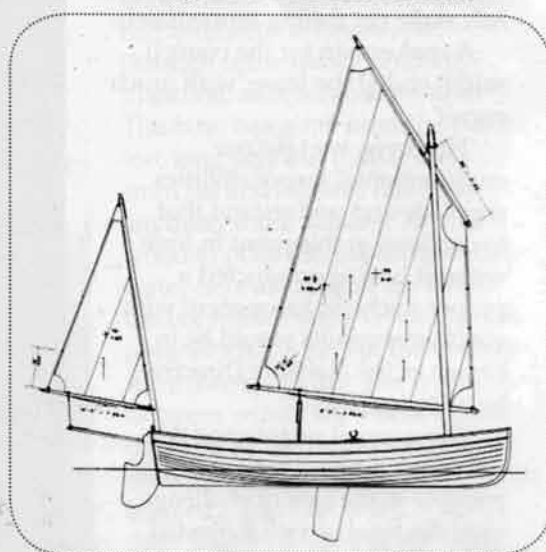


The oars for the Montrose coble (top) – the boat as pictured here and on page 8. I have included this second sketch of it by Eric McKee as he shows the extreme wear and tear on the thole pins that the steel forelocks have wrought – no doubt the pins had to be replaced frequently on these boats. Lying across the sternsheets is a net pallet, which enabled two people to carry off a heavy waterlogged net for drying, mending or storage, and return it later. Leaning against the hull aft of the starboard bow are building tongs (Below right) Oughtred's 'Tammie Norrie', an interesting traditionally inspired design whose length varies from just over 13ft to just over 15 feet, depending on the distance allowed between the building frames.

I learned that the sole fishing boat and small boat builder of significance in the town had been the Wilson yard – the mighty Nicholsons yard built bigger vessels up to the size of clippers but closed long ago in 1866. Wilsons redoubled their production of fishing boats, especially 'tank' whammel-netters, when the Woodhouse family of Overton at the mouth of the River Lune stopped construction in the 1920s. The Wilson carpenters often built boats in their spare time, too, for themselves and their family and friends. Many whammel boats were built at the Welldale in the period 1890–1930, latterly with engines. In 1896 Annan had a fleet of 30 whammel boats, quite apart from their fleet of nobbys (sailing smacks, or prawners, 32ft – 38ft).

Malcolm was involved in whammel-net fishing himself, back in the day, but he told me that there

were no more nobbys or tank whammels left in Annan. The last whammel boats, no longer under sail and oar, but motorised, disappeared in the 1960s. Neither is inshore drift netting for salmon allowed any longer; it has been banned for years. The last Annan whammel-netter operated up to 2000, but he had an English licence and fished over on the Cumbrian side, in English waters. (On the other hand, stake-netting salmon, one of Annan's ancient







The beautifully built St Ayle's Skiffs of Annan, ready to be launched for The Bell Raid: the *Pride of Annan* and the *Pride of the Solway*

rights, has always been illegal on the English side. Swings and roundabouts.)

Stake-netting pre-dated boat fishing in Annan, but it was finally banned too, in 2015.

At the time the BBC announced how this came about:

"Fishermen have been banned from using stake nets in the Solway Firth in an effort to boost salmon numbers in nearby rivers.

Dumfries and Galloway Council has terminated the lease for the fixed nets near Annan. It followed warnings that the nets may be intercepting salmon destined for the River Eden in Cumbria.

The Salmon and Trout Association (Scotland) said the council could be breaching the EU's Habitats Directive. It threatened a judicial review if the local authority did not agree to halt stake net fishing immediately.

A spokesman for the council said it ended the lease 'with much regret'.

'However, we take our environmental responsibilities seriously and understand that to continue at this point in time without having conducted a proper scientific assessment with conclusive results would be in breach of the Habitats Directive,' he added.

'Our council maintained the stake nets licences for as long as possible in the face of challenge until the legal advice indicated that this position was untenable.'

Andrew Graham-Stewart, the director of the Salmon and Trout Association (Scotland), welcomed the move by the council. He said: 'Against a background of declining wild salmon stocks across almost all of the North Atlantic, the Solway rivers have been particularly badly affected with precipitous declines.

'The evidence from rod catches is compelling. In the circumstances there can now

be no justification for any commercial salmon netting in the Solway.' (My abridged version.)

There is nothing new about this, of course, except Annan's loss of her ancient rights. Throughout history the small operator has always been blamed for declining fish stocks, despite the illogicality of the claim (the clue lies in the word 'small'). By cancelling the licences Dumfries and Galloway Council effectively ended an ancient right that had been granted to the town by Robert the Bruce and his family, a right over which the inhabitants have fought their aristocratic neighbours for centuries. The letting of these trap nets for catching salmon had been solely administered by the Royal Burgh of Annan and was part of the town's heritage; it was exclusive to the area within the shores of the Royal Burgh of Annan. Each year the town rides the boundaries – the Riding of the Marches – to assert these ancient rights and it used to mean a lot more than just a sociable day

The Firth of Clyde team and *Thistle*, ready to go



out. The thin end of the wedge probably came in 2005 when the fishing rights on the River Annan were sold off.

Malcolm was surprised and pleased to hear that the lighter whammel-netting boats of the Lune Estuary are still in business, with at least seven fishing in 2017, and nine haaf-netters. Unlike the Lune fishery, the Annan boats of the past used whammel nets less than 200 yards long.

While we were discussing salmon fishing, he corrected my romantic, anthropomorphic statement that salmon 'liked rough water', which is a well-worn platitude I've picked up, by saying that disturbed water simply makes it harder for salmon to see the nets and avoid them – thus they are more easily caught, and that is all there is to it!

And once more I was assured that no tank whammel boat ever housed a stove under that foredeck – why would I think they had either the time or the inclination to waste out there in warming their hands or making a brew, after carefully watching the clock and seizing their window of opportunity to fish fierce tidal waters?

So partly in sadness, I have to conclude at last that Philip J Oke, naval draughtsman, had his moments of lazy inaccuracy and introduced a stove into his drawing of *Dora* (of Annan) as a kind of hand-me-down component that came from his work on bigger drift-netters, after he had made his notes, taken his measurements and

*Thistle* and *The Pride of Aln* (Alnmouth) leaving the estuary. I do believe *Thistle* is deploying different oars from the ones shown on page 38



drawn his rough sketches up in Annan before settling to produce the finished drawings back in Portsmouth. They are now held by the National Maritime Museum, wart and all.

Not so sadly, I am pleased that my instincts were right: that space under the foredeck would have been kept closed at sea for safety's sake, and it was so small and restricted that burning to death or being suffocated by the carbon monoxide in coke fumes would have been constant hazards in a such a small space, a space that had severely limited access, or perhaps no access at all for a normal-sized person. His inaccuracy has been perpetuated by model makers like Hamish Barber, who have trusted his plans. So the error travels on.

Leaving Malcolm to deal with the start of The Bell Raid,

I made my way to the mouth of the estuary to be in time to see it leave and head for the Cumbrian shore, which can be seen on the photograph (left bottom) as the black streak of land in the background. Over there lie Port Carlisle and Bowness. Not far away, is it? It's easy to see why smuggling and poaching were popular pastimes in the old days, especially over there.

As if on cue, I met up with another Willacy, a close relative of Malcolm's, who had also wandered down to the river mouth to spectate. So while we waited, there was another question and answer session.

He assured me that the old lighthouse on the point to the right of the photograph was knocked down after it had caught fire and become unsafe, not through some idiocy of town planning, as is sometimes said. The farm has gone from the point too, long ago, but it also 'died from natural causes', not from anything more sinister. The tall wooden posts left standing in the water here are all that are left of the big frames with 45°+ supports, over which the nets of the nobbys were thrown to dry. The nobby skippers would lay a heavy chain tight across the estuary mouth each year and they attached buoyed risers to it, from which their smacks floated in the tide.

Then suddenly this stream of



innocent historical tidbits segued into the story of how his cousin, Tom Willacy, aged 55 at the time in the 1990s, lost his leg below the knee while out fishing alone close to Newbie off Annan, on his 38ft Morecambe Bay Prawner, the *Patricia Willacy*.

He was bringing in a heavy net after his boat had grounded and he had to work quickly to save it, hauling it on board with the usual powerful low-g geared winch that winds the slack around a drum as it comes. His feet got caught up in the net, or its wire, and he was swept upside down, his right leg jamming tightly against the drum with all the mechanical advantage of the winch behind it, so it was crushed flat from the knee down. The motor burned out and left the drum jammed solid.

Despite the trauma, he had the presence of mind to force himself to face the issue, as he knew he would not survive long in that position, so he took out his knife and set about getting free.

A separate account tells how he cut through his bib and brace overalls around the waist and was able to slip backwards down to the deck, but my informant insisted that Tom had to use his knife partly on himself before he was certain that he would fall away free and leave the bottom half of his boiler suit behind with his lower right leg still in it. He was helped in this, I was told steadily, as he held my gaze, as all the flesh and bone of the leg below the knee had been pulverised on the drum.

When Tom dropped down, he was clear enough in his mind to feel surprised that there was not as much blood as he expected, which I suspect was due to the major blood vessels of the leg being rolled flat.

He concentrated on finding his mobile phone then contacted his wife, Patricia Willacy: 'Get help. I think I've lost part of my leg.'

She kept the call open while she ran to her neighbour who phoned the rescue services, and Tom was visited by the Silloth lifeboat and a Sea King helicopter from Prestwick. While he waited

he chatted calmly to the Liverpool Coastguard, who had received the emergency call and were co-ordinating the rescue – and were astonished that he gave such clear directions to his boat's position.

He was stabilised on board by a doctor and paramedics, then the lifeboat took him to the shore, from where he was flown to the Infirmary. The nearby fish factory supplied ice in which the severed leg was packed before it joined him there, but there was no chance of its being saved.

The official account ended with the words of an Infirmary spokesman the next day: 'Mr Willacy was assessed when he arrived but unfortunately we could not save his leg. He has been taken to Glasgow for specialist treatment. He is in a serious but stable condition.'

The unofficial account I was getting ran on a little further. After the surgeon gave him the bad news about his leg, he added that a clean amputation would be performed in the morning.

Under sedation and barely conscious, Tom was unable to drop off as he had a neighbour in the next bed who insisted on giving him helpful advice. He had to refuse the operation in the morning, he was told, as this surgeon was no good at amputations. He must insist on being taken to Glasgow, where they knew what they were doing and were renowned for their excellent work with serious burns and especially with amputations.

In no time at all he would be as good as new – well, you know what I mean, said this early Mk. I version of Victor Meldrew.

Unbelievably, Tom Willacy was able to fight his own corner in the morning and stand on his rights. Without allowing the surgeon to speak, he told him that he insisted on being taken to Glasgow for the operation. When he paused for breath, the unfortunate doctor got in quickly and said that Glasgow was ready to receive him, as he and his team had decided that he should go there to have the best treatment and the best chance of a full recovery. The transport was waiting to take him – as soon as he finished talking.

While the nurses prepared him for the journey, the doctor spoke again; there was one final thing. And what's that, asked Tom suspiciously.

'Before ye go would you mind telling that auld bugger in the bed next to ye to hau'd his wheesht and mind his ain bloody business in future?'

The branches of the Willacy family who chose to remain in Lancashire also made their mark over the years. Another Tom Willacy became a lifeboatman and was awarded a RNLI medal for a particularly gallant rescue.

Perhaps it's time one of them settled down and wrote the family's history, as it unfolded in Lancashire and Annan, from 1850 onwards. KM



Net-drying H-frame, Annan Estuary. Would have had two poles at 45° – 60° running down into the water on the right-hand side to support the weight of the nobby nets, especially in a breeze



The February big snowmelt from the last two weeks created big floods in 2018 in the Midwest. Outside Chicago our local Salt Creek was well over its banks flooding the walking trails. Finally the weather cleared and before a snowy forecast came true for the afternoon I cut out for the creek.

Last week I scouted the creek and stayed off it because of the treacherous fast current. Today it was well within its banks but a little quick. It was just right for a paddle.

I drove 20 minutes to the creek and 15 minutes later I launched my 25lb wooden kayak off the smooth limestone bank under blue skies and the watchful eyes of two geese.

With the warming 60° day and the sun at my back I paddled effortlessly north upstream against the current. It would be my first paddle of the new year and a good upper body workout for the day. Looking up I noticed a few passing clouds sliding by in advance of another cold front. It felt good to be again gliding across the ice cold water in perfect comfort. The wind was light and variable out of the north. The barren woods appeared in winter shades of black and white. No, there was no snow yet, but the white was from the many sycamore tree trunks growing along the shoreline. The black was from the other black-barked trees in their winter sleep.

No birds appeared until I swung around the first bend. Then I caught sight of a possible wood duck some 30 yards ahead in the shadows. It launched and flew away to the north. They are usually the first to arrive from down south in the springtime.

## A Winter's Peek at Spring

By Bob McAuley

Then I just quit paddling and glided across the leaf colored water and watched the ripples fade away from my bow. For once it was oh so quiet drifting slowly upstream until I had to stroke again. What a life I still have. I live in America...

Finally, my quietude was shattered as two squirrels did the "Squirrel Scramble" playing tag chasing each other round and round a tree trunk. Thanks guys!

Paddling along the shoreline was easy in those energy-saving eddy currents. I cruised under the new pedestrian bridge as two red-bellied woodpeckers called out their "cher. cher" greeting to me. Next week they'll probably be fast at "rat-a-tat" on the local dead trees.

As I paddled north again past the museum the wind shifted and began pushing me against the current. I'll take it. Finally I passed under last year's unharvested brown, split open, hanging Catalpa cigars. It always brings back memories of two of us teenagers attempting to smoke them one fall afternoon. It was a 3-minute smoke and then coughing. Arrh!!

After reaching the island and losing my energy it was time for me to retreat. I crossed the creek to pick up the stronger current on the other side and drifted close to shore. As I did, I was greeted by a returning flock of

red-winged blackbirds. Their serenade was "aawnk-ah-rrreeeeeee" and they didn't fly away either. I just stopped the kayak and was spellbound listening to their chorus.

After several minutes I just had to move on and drifted south snacking on a cracker and sipping water. Soaking in the sun and doing enough paddling to keep me pointing downstream, I began to hear bugling and shading my eyes, I looked up. Yep, there they were, to my surprise I counted about two dozen sandhill cranes in "V" formation heading towards Wisconsin and points north into another cold front. Were they moving north too early? Was it due to global warming?

Wow, what an audio/visual treat to be drifting down the creek with my feet propped up in the bow, soaking up the sun and feeling no pain at age 80. I wished the sandhills good luck on their long journey to Alaska and Canada.

The rest of the trip was peaceful, the landing was effortless and, after stowing my craft inside my van, I was back home in 20 minutes. How lucky I am to have the creek so close. Happy paddling!



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# Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

## Greg

Today at the Port Aransas PlyWooden boat festival, I met Greg. He introduced himself and then pardoned himself for intruding, of which he certainly wasn't; then he proceeded to tell me with enthusiasm in his voice of his building of a Mayfly 16, and how the desire to do so started long ago.

Seems he had been an early sailor in bygone days and had always wanted to get back to sailing and build a sailboat. The business of life got in the way, it has a way of doing that. In his building of this Mayfly, he bought the sail first, ordered it from Duckworks, then he built the mast. The hull followed. His reasoning in doing so was the incentive of having before him a new sail and mast but no sailboat.

At 72, Greg is chomping at the bit to get his boat into the water. It will be soon, it will be soon. He told me of his wife, whom I'm sorry to say I did not get to meet, he has her full support. Lucky him and lucky her as well. He said they sit around the kitchen table having morning coffee, him reading Duckworks, her listening. I know the feeling.

Interestingly, Greg told me as well that his wife is a quilter and was able to help him on his boat project using the knowledge of her craft. Love working together is really what I was listening to. Good on 'em both.

He was hoping to garner some information on the rigging of his soon to be finished sailboat. Sailing a lug rig would be new to him as well. He wasn't intimidated with the trying of a different sail rig. Simplicity was what he was after.

I shared with him some of my antics when he mentioned going engineless. My bouncing off concrete bulkheads and dirty piles when I went engineless myself. Even after listening to my blunderings he is still game. I'm sure we will be hearing more of Greg and his Mayfly 16. I look forward to it.

Oh, the Port Aransas PlyWooden Boat festival was as nice as usual, other than having a misty norther blowing through all day, the bay full of white horses, the temperature dropping, the sun hiding. It was still good.

## Forks

On sailing dinghy's we are oft told by the experts everything should have multiple uses aboard or it doesn't belong. Well for the life of me I can't find but one use for the old standby, the fork. This led me to my normal thinking of going against the grain, thinking and living outside the box.

This day and age of Internet allows us to fill our minds as well our small craft with all kinds of useless stuff. Old-fashioned navigation kept inside the mind is far cheaper than today's gadgets and gizmos that will leave a sailor high and dry. Old style nav, once learned and kept refreshed, will see a person-sailor through thick and thin.

Twice, twice too often, while aboard another's craft with the GPS chart plotter thing-a-jig in use, while being shown just how useful the device was/is in the boat real time, going down the little green highway.

"That's us?" I ask.

"Yes, and this also shows the land?"

"Where's that island we're going by right now on the screen?" I asked.

No thanks.

Generally, I go with the flow concerning the riddance of redundancy. What this all really comes down to is the individual's choice of what he/she wants aboard. Figuring it out as we go I'd leave the kitchen sink behind as well. Talking with my coffee mate this morning, about the early Polynesians and the sailing prowess they possessed, the ability is still there, if we want it. Are we being lazy using GPS? I like recliners as well as the next guy, I even use a Skill saw.

I've thought long and hard about this while eating breakfast. We can't be following somebody else in filling up our sailing dinghies. It all boils down to time spent aboard. Howard Rice's systems approach, I like. His basic's as well. But forks, that's another matter. It's taken me too many years to reach the conclusion of just getting rid of an unused spatula.

For myself, time aboard is the best way to rid myself of unnecessary gear. There really is no other way. The more I sail, the less I find I really need. Robin Graham, years back, said what he learned was how little he actually needed. I concur. But what stuff he would throw overboard and what I would, can only be learned by being aboard. If we sail once a month, overnight five days a year for a week, it's going to take a while to rid one's self of those unwanted forks.

My daughter asked me how to best anchor, basically I told her to go anchor. Anchor down, anchor up, all day long, for several days. And when in a different location do it again. I think she did. Her husband and her borrowed my Paradox years back, coming into the dock was a piece of cake for him. I was impressed. Later he told me he practiced several times while sailing coming about into the wind as if he was approaching a dock. I was even more impressed.

Go sailing, spend time aboard, the useless forks will find their way ashore.

## It was...

"...it was only the starting that was hard." Part of a line from Harry Pidgeon's book, *Around the World Single-handed*. Sailing small dinghies the way some of us do, I'm not sure just where the hard part comes in. Sitting out a wet and cold night at some lonely anchorage in the midst of winter might be considered hard, no, may well be considered hard.

Over in Florida they have a small boat

get together in March, I think it is. It can get hard there as well. People think of sunny days and balmy beaches until a norther blows down, giving those sailors reason to check their gear for cold weather kits. It don't take long to die cold and wet, even in Florida. I think even Harry would call that hard.

There's something about it, the sailing, that draws. Despite those hard days, those uncomfortable mosquito ridden nights with nary a wink of sleep, that something keeps drawing one back, keeps the thoughts and eyes looking forward until the next time. It's not that the hard is cherished or longed for, it's just a part, a small part that's comes with all the beauty and wonder of it all.

We have to pay our dues, traveling oceans or local bays, we pay at times. The Piper shows up, it seems, at the most inopportune times. We'd just as soon wish he'd go away and never return but we know we really don't. He must be paid, he must collect and some day, some day we may not be able to pay, actually will not be able.

Then the hard comes not so much for us as others. Others still able, still paying, after we're not. That's hard as well. "There's no discharge in the war".

So 'Hard', Harry Pidgeon? Let's get back into the book and see just what's being referred to, shall we?



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## Environment

Evinrude, the outboard motor company, was selected for the Space Technology Hall of Fame. Ever quick to capitalize on someone else's idea, Evinrude recognized that NASA's high-strength, wear-resistant aluminum alloy (NASA 398), created by Jon Lee and Dr. Po-Shou Chen, was perfect for their motors because it allowed quieter, lighter, and cleaner engines than traditional aluminum. It was more effective and efficient which was great for the environment.

The company commenced using NASA 398 for its pistons in early 2003 and immediately received the EPA's clean air excellence award. It also was the first to meet California's high standards. The Space Technology Hall of Fame award was presented to an outboard motor company because it exploited science originally created for space exploration for more earth-based benefits. NASA 398 falls into the same common use category as Velcro.

An enormous quantity of oil bubbled to the surface in Indonesia's Balikpapan Bay eventually catching fire and killing four. After days of rigorous and strenuous denial Pertamina Oil admitted that one of their underwater pipelines had failed but they also denied the spill was the cause of the surface fire. Really? Clean-up crews recovered over 15,000 barrels from the surface so far.

## Small Boats

Entering a canoe or kayak is the toughest part of the launch. Now we have YAKport, a 'U' shaped device about 5' long in which you place your canoe, and then you can use the sides to enter the boat without it turning over. After you are securely in the craft, you simply push off and paddle off into the sunset. Yakport.com will provide all the information. It is especially great when launching from a dock. Why didn't I think of this?



Canvas Shield is the wonder of modern science to make your canvas waterproof. While a myriad of companies sell waterproof ointments, sprays, liquids, paints, etc. most of them contain perfluorooctanoic acid (PFOA) that has been linked to cancer of the testicles, pancreas, and mammary glands. The former of these I am particularly concerned with.

PFOA is an innocent looking organic chemical compound consisting of 6 carbon atoms one of which contains a double bonded oxygen atom and one O2 atom attached to a fluorine atom. Carbon, the essence of all things living, is a wonderfully friendly little atom that loves to join with other atoms like oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, chlorine, etc. But carbon has a funny peculiarity; it doesn't like to be strung along. When you hook up several carbon ions in a row, they simply want to wrap around to bond with each other. Put six carbons together (hexane) and they simply form a circular structure (benzene). Because of the ease of bonding, everything



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

from aspirin to polyester suits to ethyl alcohol in your whiskey is merely carbon bonding with a few other elements.

Canvas Shield does not contain PFOA, nor does it have teflon or silicone; instead, it possesses a nanoized polymer that is non-flammable, non-toxic, and safe for all fabrics. It allows the cloth to breathe and can be cleaned up with a little water. Evidently it does not cope with the multitude of holes in my canvases.

For the Captain who has everything, Fender Hook by Chafe-Pro must be on his/her list. This delightful surprise looks like a leather wallet with a grommet on both halves. Made from the finest leather, this device's backside is of purest sheepskin. A gorgeous Schaefer stainless steel cam cleat finishes off one side. The adroit sailor simply folds the Fender Hook over the side, runs the line from his fender through the grommets and through the cam cleat. It also has a Velcro snap to hold it all in place. Let's see, for four fenders we would need four of these Fancy Dan thingies comprised of rich Corinthian Leather and stainless steel for a very, very pretty price. OR we could toss the line over the rail and tie a knot. Let us all gather for a group cogitation.

Dan Rogers invented a new word that should be added to the newest edition of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. In a recent e-mail he called a friend the world's greatest trailer "backerupper". What the English language needs are more descriptive and efficient words. Maybe he should become a writer.

## Sea News

Hundreds of Libyan refugees have taken to the sea in an attempt to flee their violent homeland. 125 people were found in, or clinging to, a small dinghy. On the same day, another 112 were found grasping for their lives on a small rickety boat. That same week, rescuers discovered another 98 trying to cross into Italy because the Mediterranean was especially calm.

Anthropologists maintain that homo sapiens were not indigenous to the Americas but proto-Indians meandered across the onetime land bridge between Asia and North America; therefore no one hereabouts is a non-immigrant descendent. People have been bellyaching about immigrants since the time of the Colonies.

A lady was out walking along an Australian beach when she spotted an old brown bottle whose form and color intrigued her. Surprise, surprise, the bottle had twine around the neck, a rotted cork, and a message inside that had a date of June 12, 1886. It was only 132 years since it was heaved into the seas.

Prior to the Civil War, George von Neumeyer tossed thousands of bottles with similar notes and dates as he studied currents, tides, and wave action of the seas. Only 662 were ever found between the 1864 and 1934. Evidently using a floating bottle with a mes-

sage is not a good idea in an emergency. But the bottle would be a great antique piece on the mantel.

Paul Allen, the Microsoft multi-billionaire, funds a state-of-the-art underwater archeological group that recently discovered the remains of the *USS Lexington* (CV-2) that was lost in the first naval battle in history where neither side was in view of the other (Battle of the Coral Sea). On St Patrick's Day, the team found a totally appropriate wreckage of the *USS Juneau* (CL-52), an *Atlanta* class light-cruiser that was lost off the Solomon Islands in 1942.

The date is significant because five Irish brothers from Waterloo, IA were killed on that ship: the Sullivan brothers. Further irony was that Kelly Sullivan, granddaughter of Albert Sullivan, was attending a ceremony on board the *USS Sullivans* (DDG-68) that is named for the five brothers when she was informed of the discovery.

Virtually the entire crew of the *Juneau* was killed instantly in a massive explosion. A handful of men surfaced and struggled for days before being rescued. George Sullivan survived the sinking but, due to dehydration, delirium and loss of his siblings, died in a raft. A wonderful book *We Band Of Brothers* provides a very accurate account of the family and their loss. The movie about the Sullivan brothers was highly inaccurate with typical Hollywood biases.

Waterloo, Iowa is a typical factory town that was driven by two major companies: Rath Packing and John Deere. It was (and is) a tough, rugged, and now, very rundown city that was divided into the west and east sides. The latter was blue collar and home to a majority of Iowa's African Americans. East side has always been a struggle between the Irish working class factory workers and the African Americans. I had aunts, uncles, and grandparents on both sides of the river. I also reviewed the book *We Band Of Brothers* for the *Annals of Iowa*. As head of Cedar Rapids Chapter of the Navy League, I helped a re-dedication of the Sullivan Brother Center in Waterloo. Kelly Sullivan laid a wreath at a statue of her grandfather and great-uncles.

## Gray Fleet

The Navy is aiming for a 355-ship fleet, and shipbuilding is accelerating quickly; however the Navy has a minor problem with all this. It seems that the OI' Canoe Club is currently about 11,400 sailors short of full crews. The current number of active duty sailors is 319,421 and adding the Midshipmen at the Academy brings the number up to 323,947. The number crunchers believe that an additional 20,000 sailors will be needed over the next several years to keep pace with the growing number of ships.

The enlistment problems are many. One of three sailors is assigned to a ship and that always makes it hard on marriages as hubby or wifey heads out to sea. The crew needed for a carrier task group is over 10,000 (subs, destroyers, cruisers, tankers, supply ships, to say nothing of the 5,000 aboard a carrier). Every time Congress or the demands of foreign policy require the presence of a carrier, a lot of sailors are taken away from their families.

The salaries are adequate but too many find they can do better outside the military. This is especially compounded by the high technology requirements necessary for most rates. The Navy has few positions for paint scrapers and deck swabs and a heck of a lot of

computer geeks and physics comprehenders. Most of us veteran swab jockeys could not hold down a rate in today's Navy.

Worse, even if enlistments are down, the retention of people after a single tour is horrible. The incentives are great (read that "money") but it seems to be insufficient. The Navy has tried to change everything from the uniforms and jackets they wear to additional leave time; but nothing seems to work. And it gives the impression that the Navy is desperate and that raises red flags to a lot of young men and women. Add the traditional "hurry up and wait" and hours of complete boredom connected by hours of mad scrambling and you end up with a dearth of crew.

The *Columbia* class nuclear submarines being built have run into a problem with their electrical motors overheating. The Navy testified before Congress that the problem is minor and can be handled with additional insulation. Congress is very concerned. OK, so who do you believe a politically appointed guy in the Navy Department who is in charge of acquiring subs or politicians during an election year?

The new class of "boomer" subs runs around with nuclear missiles awaiting Ethiopia to commence World War III. Unlike current nuclear ships that need re-fueling of atomic stuff every 25 years, the *Columbia* class will be able to run around underwater for 40 years. As an old torpedoman told me, "100 men go aboard a sub, 50 couples leave it."

The somewhat controversial *USS Lewis Puller* (ESB-3) an Expeditionary Sea Base craft has been changed from a USNS ship to a Navy vessel and assigned to the 5th Fleet. Understandably in the era of sequestration, the Navy has tried to build all-purpose ships that can be utilized on a variety of missions. The *Puller's* ancestry comes from a Navy experiment of gutting a transport and rebuilding it.

It looks like a weird combination of a freighter with a flight deck on stilts. Part supply ship, part helicopter carrier, *Puller* is currently working on anti-mine duty and can be used for support of the Marines. Navy Medicine (Naval Forces Central Command) wants it for a fleet hospital. The Marine Corps wants it for Fleet Anti-terrorism Security Team (FAST) support.

*Puller* is a 90,000-ton ship that can attain a meager 12 knots (officially). She carries 5 officers, 96 enlisted men and 44 civilian merchant marines. Her flight deck is covered with pad-eyes for lashing down cargo boxes. She maintains a Blue/Gold rotational crew.

Jimmy Buffett, America's favorite sailor who also sings about sailing, received the Navy's top civilian award for his unwavering support of the military. The Secretary of Navy, who shed his suit coat and shirt revealing a Hawaiian shirt with the word NAVY in bold letters, presented the plaque to Buffett at the U.S. Naval Academy prior to a Parrot-head concert.

The Guided Missile Destroyer *USS Ralph Johnson* (DDG-114) was commissioned in Charlestown, SC. The *Arleigh Burke* class destroyer is equipped with the latest Aegis Baseline Integrated Air and Missile Defense System that interlocks with other ships for a continual detection and reaction capabilities among ships within a task group.

Ralph Johnson was a First Division Marine who unhesitatingly tossed himself on a Viet Cong grenade, saving fellow Marines at the cost of his own life. For his actions he received the Medal of Honor.

## White Fleet

Poseidon Expeditions announced that their *Sea Spirit*, a 114-passenger cruise ship that plies the polar regions, will head to the drydock for retrofitting of new retractable fin stabilizers and redesigned engines enabling use of eco-friendly lubrication to protect the fragile waters of the Arctic. Using different algorithms from a computer-based logical controller, the ship will react to different situations, seas, and currents.

Four cruise ships changed ownership last year:

SHIP	SELLER	NEW OWNER	TONNAGE	CAPACITY	BUILT	PRICE
<i>Royal Iris</i>	Mano Maritime	Rosmorport	14,717	765	1971	11 Million Euro
<i>Hanseatic</i>	Unknown	One Ocean	8,378	184	1991	10-yr charter
<i>NeoClassica</i>	Costa	Bahamas Paradise	52,926	1,3-9	1991	N/A
<i>Victory II</i>	Unknown	Victory	4,954	202	2001	N/A

The Victoria Cruise Lines announced a series of 3 to 14 day vacations to Cuba on board the *Victoria I*. The advantage to this particular voyage is that it circumnavigates the entire island stopping at each port in Cuba giving the passengers an opportunity to see all of the country and not simply Havana.

The Cruise Line Industry proffers an in-depth review of the industry, the executives, the growth potential, the problems, and all the news that is fit to publish. The 2016-17 Report can be purchased for a measly \$945 for Americans or \$998 to foreign subscribers. The editor of *MAIB* won't buy me one for some reasons I cannot fathom.

## Merchant Fleet

MARAD (the Maritime Administration) is a joint military and civilian operation that carries or forward places supplies such as fuel, ammunition, food, medicine, and supplies. Air Force general Darren McDew, chief of Transportation Command, told Congress that the U.S. Merchant Marine numbers are about 1,800 short of necessary crews. The number of ships available to the military has dropped from 106 to 81 since 2012 simply for lack of adequate civilian crew.

Furthermore, he noted that most of the MARAD ships are old steam powered vessels that are over 40-years old. To compound the problem, Boeing is no longer making the C-17 Globemaster, the workhorse of the Air Force transport planes, and the Navy is extremely dependent on the old C-17s to supply its overseas depots. Retired RADM Mark Buzby testified that the numbers that were crunched failed to count potential losses of ships and crew lost in time of conflict. He further stated that it is time for the U.S. to commence purchasing used ships on the market. Most U.S. shipbuilding manufacturing is oriented toward barges, tugs, and tankers.

Part of the issue is the Jones Act, discussed previously in this column. MARAD must use U.S. built ships, built in America, and crewed by U.S. citizens. Congressmen from shipbuilding states vehemently support the Jones Act, and changes to it probably won't happen anytime soon.

By the way, how come an Air Force General is in charge of Navy supply? Maybe it is the same reasoning that, other than when I was at Navy boot camp, I was stuck with the Army or the Air Force for four years.

The ubiquitous semi-truck that clogs our roads and interstates carries 80% of all goods in the U.S., uses 22% of the total energy used in our country by burning 28 billion gallons of fuel annually. The U.S. Department


of Energy states that the typical semi drives 66,000 miles per year. They also contribute 7% of the greenhouse gases.

Meanwhile a typical barge hauls 1,500 tons over 12,000 miles of commercial waterways at a 95% lower cost than a truck. An average 15-barge tow carries 1 ton for 514 miles on a gallon of diesel and carries approximately the same as 1,050 trucks. Trains can carry a ton of freight 202 miles on a gallon of diesel.

Wouldn't it be interesting if the U.S. invested in new lock and dams instead of road repairs? What would happen if the U.S. put a "User Fee" tax on trucks? And I am a world record circumnavigation soloist in my West Wight Potter 15.

Multatug 32, an innovative and brilliantly designed tug, was delivered to Novatug recently. This is the first tug using a Carousel System using computers adjusting the vessel for greater efficiency, safety, and power. This unique looking tug has a freely rotating ring surrounding the entire superstructure using dynamic pulling force geometry instead of pure engine power to push ships. This is especially important since merchant vessels are twice as big as they were 20 years ago.

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John Gardner Traditional  
Small Craft Association



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[www.facebook.com/JGTSCA](http://www.facebook.com/JGTSCA)  
National: [www.TSCA.net](http://www.TSCA.net)

We invite you to attend  
one of our meetings, go for a row,  
or get involved with our next  
boatbuilding project.

## Every Honest Boat Deserves a Loving Home

By U.R. Struly



Early one clear and brightening Sunday morning late last Fall, we headed over to Orient Point on Long Island to make the trek around to Amagansett to visit with a few members of the East End Classic Boat Society, to pick up and pay for a new (to us) flat bottomed skiff and return home with it to Connecticut.

The EECBS is a community boatshop that really seems to have its act together. Our time there revealed a very impressive operation. A small Herreshoff sloop and an antique varnished hull outboard runabout graced the comfortably cluttered lower shop level, the runabout gleaming and fitted with an antique Johnson outboard, reminiscent of some old '40s or '50s *Popular Mechanics* advert, and the Herreshoff in a beautiful state of stripped down refurbishment, with an ingenious little discreet clamping device, made for carvel planking repair, holding a plank to a frame (an exclusive EECBS invention!). This sight got more than a few minutes of fascinated inspection from this particular writer and engineering-inclined nerd.

Moving back up to the main shop floor, windows all around illuminating the wood ceiling beams and walls and floor, and revealing the nearby sun-drenched sand-dune-scrub landscape and glimmering ocean beyond, we were introduced to a nice little lapstrake round bottomed skiff recently completed and raffled off to some lucky recipient by the Club. This person was due to show up in a short while, we were told, for a photo session with their newly adopted family member. Like the runabout in the basement, this skiff gleamed with fresh paint and varnished brightwork, and shining EECBS club plaque gracing the interior face of its transom: "Built by...". A line neatly coiled on the bow thwart, yachty style, and its spritsail raised and rigged, finished the staging presentation. Good, careful, capable work by all, plainly apparent, and impressive.

With this beautiful vessel as our backdrop, sitting on its trailer looking eager to get its own journey off and running, and soon to leave for its new home, we sat down with the three members of the EECBS who greeted us, to finish the business of our own transaction. This we did at a wide round table with the massaging warmth of the sun at our backs, and two new EECBS caps on our JGTSCA heads and thinning hair, gifts of the EECBS.

Consideration quickly and efficiently finalized and hands shaken, the conversation settled in comfortably, as we learned a little bit about the EECBS and its evolution, compared notes on our respective club operations, and shared anecdotes illustrating our enthusiasms for small boats and traditionally minded builds, ...and old skiffs.

Our new skiff is the 11'6" Sea Urchin, as designed by David Stimson at Boothbay Maine, in response to a 1991 *WoodenBoat* design contest challenging readers to design a "Perfect Skiff". The design was not a prize winner ultimately, though it did make the cut to be included in the final article describing some of the more highly regarded entries. Few of the designs strayed far from the tried and true formula which evolved organically over time and in response to regional conditions and requirements of mission.

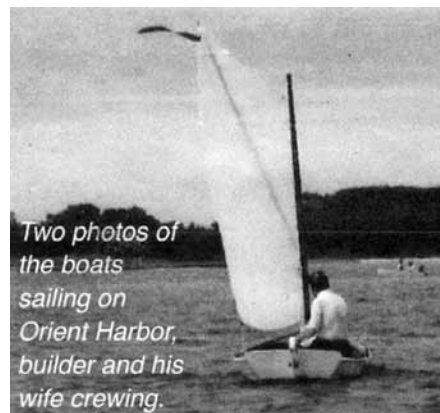
As flat bottom skiffs go, our little skiff is graceful and workboat-like, stout and honest, pretty but not really pretentious, capable but not overthunk. The perception of beauty is of course an intrinsically subjective thing, subject to no requirements of worldly justification. This boat spoke to us, and that is all that matters. Winner or not, it certainly fit our own criteria for a terrific little flat bottomed skiff, ie: wide flat bottom for stability and super-shoal flotation, beautifully raked transom, classic pointy stem, copper riveted planking with painted workboat finish, a simple sprit

sailing rig and an overall pleasant disposition. With a pair of oars outstretched and dipping, or its spritsail raised and pulling, and a picnic lunch at the ready, it will no doubt look and feel the part, and take us lazily through the marshes and shallows, evoking the fondest Ransomesque imaginings on some warm and sultry summer's day.

Our new skiff will be receiving a proper prep and new painting. Colors may change, or not. And, it'll be needing a name, as it seems never to have had one. On all these matters, as with all the fleet thus far, in time the boat itself will speak to us, as we get to know each other better, and tell us what these things might want to be. The boat will let us know, and love is a patient thing.



Our Sea Urchin skiff on homebound trailer, me and EECBS VP, Pres (Ray Hartjen, founder) and Treasurer.



## Full Moon Row March 2018 on the Mystic River

By Dane Rochelle

Back home now, just returned from our first 2018 Full Moon Row. Sky was cloudy and dark, drizzle spat only suggestively and the Moon hardly made its presence known, but the temperature was moderate and not a smidge of disappointment entered any of our minds for even a moment. The conditions only added to the impression of adventure, the endeavor adding a touch of unusualness to our otherwise rather ordinary daily lives, good and fortunate as they are. Nine crew

in five boats including three JGTSCA club dories, *Susan B. Holland*, and Dan's kayak.

Launched at Mystic Shipyard East at 1915h. Got to the River channel about ten minutes out, as we rounded up and headed north toward the train bridge, Noank Baptist church steeple glowing a mile or so to our south as we made the turn northbound. Rowed upriver to the Mystic River Cottrell Street public dock, where some of our "others" met and greeted us for our brief visit in town. Tied up and walked up to West Main Street and all got some hot cocoas, while Dan stayed behind to keep an eye on the boats and enjoy a little pleasant solitude. Having acquired our assorted beverages, we gathered in our small groups for conversation nearabouts the bridge, admiring the atmospheric evening and charm of our shared endeavor, our weather gear and donned life jackets marking us as not-so-typical tourists walking this downtown street side.

Our cocoas consumed, and our twenty-minute layover concluded, we returned to the boats and headed back downriver, through the train bridge and around to Shipyard East for our haul out at 2115h. Our dory had along the way shipped or sipped some river water, a quick tip ridding our vessel's bilge of its modest burden and lightening the dory for its manual carriage from the shore to its shed. In the faint light, we parted ways for the evening, bidding one another farewells and see you soon. Two hours precisely, and a few more memories made. Another four weeks till the next full moon...

## Upcoming Events

### Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers

Meetings are held on most second Saturdays of the month from 10am until noon in their workroom on the second floor of the John Gardner Boat Shop. They usually have a demonstration of some kind, such as firing cannons or 3-D printing. Their next big thing is their Ship Model Show and Radio Control (R/C) Run just inside the south gate July 16th from 9am to 5pm. Contact Bob Andrie at [smallyachtsailor@gmail.com](mailto:smallyachtsailor@gmail.com) to get on their mailing list.

### Classes at Mystic Seaport

Fundamentals of Traditional Norse Boatbuilding (May 31-June 3).

### Fresh Exhibits at Mystic Seaport

The Vikings Begin: Treasures from Uppsala University, Sweden (May 19-September 30); The Vineland Map (May 19-September 30).

### Viking Small Boat Weekend

Ben Fuller and friends bring their traditionally built Norse Faerings to Australia Beach June 16-17 for interactive rowing and sailing. Our JGTSCA Chapter has been offered the opportunity to assist.

### John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

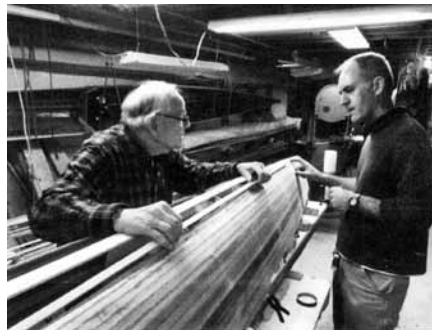
Our biggest boat meet of the year is on June 22-24 with morning rows, daily demonstrations and inside tours. We will be holding a Rowing Workshop Saturday afternoon with opportunities to sample fixed seat, sliding seat and racing shell rowing. View the Overview and click on Letter to Participants at <https://www.mysticseaport.org/event/small-craftworkshop/> To register in advance (new this year), click on Buy Tickets and follow the prompts. This will get you and your boat in the gate before regular opening hours.

## Around the Shops

### At Carl Kaufman's Shop

Carl Kaufman hand builds rowing shells to Graham Greene's designs to wide acclaim as well as traditional skiffs to John Atkin's and Joel White's designs. He brought and gave us a presentation on his recent Atkin motor skiff, the *Maude & Emeline* design at last year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. Beautiful workmanship. So when he offered a tour of his workshop after our March 4th meeting, we immediately accepted.

His latest build is a Nick Schade designed rowing wherry, an evolution of Nick's "Noank Pulling Boat" for which Carl led a review in *Small Craft Monthly*, drafting his friends in Mystic River Rowers for comments. See the result in the online magazine, complete with video of the boat whizzing by.



Carl's Kaufman explaining the details of his new build, a Nick Schade light rowing wherry.

Carl's new boat is a bit longer with a beautiful wineglass transom but similar super light strip plank construction. Carl uses a T88 epoxy, normally used for home-built aircraft, and 1oz fiberglass cloth, kept on a roll then spread on the hull window shade style. The hull weighed only 15lbs off the mold and is expected to top out at 42lbs complete with inside glass and epoxy with drop-in sliding seat and end decks.

We also visited his *Maude & Emeline*, the 14' plus skiff made from Atkin's design, built over molds modified from the *Nina* we built a few years ago at our Avery Point Community Boathouse. Carl added an interesting line system through the top inside of frames for attaching all manner of fenders, buckets and lines instead of cleats. He shared a scale model that he used to determine plank lines. The model's plank shapes are much easier to visualize when seen right side up instead of trying to stand on your head to view the boat being built upside down on the frames.



Karen admired his Shellback dinghy with custom sail/oar/rudder cover for traveling. Dane admired Carl's beautiful hand made guitars; once he started playing, we couldn't drag him away. Carl advised that

some of the exotic woods are becoming more and more difficult to find. Too soon, it was time to head home; it is always a pleasure to be invited by to see what Carl is building on that long, super flat basement table.



Dane reports a great second visit to Carl Kaufman's shop Sunday morning March 25th: Five of us visited Carl for another hour-long informative session. Coach Ricci and his wife, Nicholas Alley, Dan Nelson and myself attended, and everyone, including Carl, seemed to enjoy themselves.

Carl again provided interesting and engaging commentary as he led us through his shop tour. Further, Carl shared his thoughts on resource sharing: "the idea of TSCA members helping members with materials. Maybe the easiest way to do it, for starters, is to have the requesters post e-mails to suggest what they need and let the rest of us respond if we can help. E.g., I have no idea whether anyone needs some heavy glass mat, scrap leather for chafe gear, barefoot ship augers, bolt threading dies for bronze rod, or some epoxy bottom primer, but that sort of surplus stores lies around my shop, gathering dust."

### At UCONN-Avery Point Community Boathouse, Home of the John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Work continues on the Gloucester Gull dory, an original built by Harold Payson, which was donated by Andy Wolfe's father, Richard, just before he left town. Andy publishes the *Ash Breeze*, our National's magazine. Phil Behney and Bill Armitage have been reconditioning the dory, installing a new breasthook and oarlock pads. Bill almost put his fingers through the hull under the gunwale when flipping the dory to final sand and paint, so it's back to the bench to reinforce and repair. Come one and all and get involved in this project; we have promised Andy a row at the Small Craft Workshop.



Payson dory almost ready for paint.

### At Seaport Boathouse Shops The Boat Flip

A new method of rotating Beetle Cats has been perfected in the Gardner Boat Shop. First, the boat is raised with a pair of blocks and tackles, then straps are fitted around the hull through blocks suspended from the beams above the boat and rotated. Leader Jim McGuire's idea, it is a popular alternative to scraping bottom paint

while crawling underneath. From left to right: Owen Bostrom, Jim McGuire, Dan Nelson, Rene Boelig and Ted Stanton.



### The Caulking Party

In this team effort, caulking is inserted in reefed plank joints, seam compound pressed in and then faired. It's lots easier working downhand. From left to right: George Shaw, Dan Nelson, Ted Stanton, Jim McGuire and René Boelig.



### Rolling & Tipping

Andy Strode and Vic roll and tip the topsides of the John Gardner designed and built rowing peapod. The topsides on the tender *Captain Hook*, similarly painted, shine in the background.



### Varnishing on Schooner *Brilliant*

Even fender boards get varnished on *Brilliant*; Bob Chapin applies the finishing touches.



### UConn-AP Student Capstone Project By Dan Nelson

Maggie is in the final stages of her oar making experience. By my accounting she has 29 hours invested so far. The rest of her efforts go toward four coats of varnish and sewing on the leathers. We hope to get her into a dory with her finished project and let her take a victory lap.

And This from Prof. Matt McKenzie

Maggie brought me over to the shop, very excited to show off her work, and I was thrilled to see what she has done and how she has grown under JGTSCA guidance. More importantly, as she showed off her work, she shared her many thoughts about traditional college education and traditional wood working, and how the two enhance one another. For me, that was what I hoped she would get out of this experience: a realization that you learn better across all topics when the brain and the body are equally engaged in the process. And seeing Maggie's excitement, accomplishment, curiosity, pride, and enhanced self-confidence told me all I needed to know about how successful this experiment has been. Thank you for your efforts and please extend my thanks to all who helped her.



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## Our New Storage Shed

The rebuilding and relocation of our existing small craft storage shed has been brought on because the present structure is in danger of collapse and is becoming unsafe for entry and storage. The rebuilt shed will have same function as the existing one and be located slightly to the north and west of current shed. It will be a 40' x 14' post and beam, shingle clad, four bay structure; similar in shape, height and material to the existing shed. The increase in dimensions is minimum required to improve access to the interior.

At the back of the Maritime Museum, there is a semi-formal lawn. This is enclosed by topography and various buildings: storage sheds, and structures. Together they define the lawn. The relocation will extend the lawn west, open the view to the west, erase the neglected cousin status of the Boat Shop, clarify the north edge of the lawn, expand the lawn for future gatherings, put back a certain formality begun by the town fathers a long time ago.

The goal of the Maritime Museum is to preserve the maritime history of Amagansett; to respect, and make live again. It should do this with intelligence both for the history, and its future. A few years ago the Community Boat shop was built slightly west of this space. This has had the effect of extending the lawn, or rather begging that it be extended. Alas, the present storage shed clips this extension short. Lawn-wise, the Boat Shop is the neglected cousin too late to the party and pushed off to the side. By sliding the new Storage Shed back north so that its south face is in line with the south face of the Maritime Museum, we fix all of this.

## Introducing Youth To Our Programs



This is the third year the East End Classic Society has focused on our youth outreach program. The East Hampton YMCA has been our strongest collaborator. Last Spring, four members of the Society acted as advisors to three groups of youngsters in a challenge program. The three groups of youngsters were challenged to build a "boat" in thirty minutes with a variety of materials that could be found around the house and held together by duct tape. Each boat was tested in the pool to see how long it could float. At set time intervals, each boat was also tested for strength by progressively adding weights to the boat until the boat sank. The winning boat floated for 4 minutes plus, with a maximum load of 45lbs.

We also hosted a trial model building session. The members of the Society and "Y" staff met at the boat shop to test materials and methods to build a 4' model of a dory. The YMCA Summer Camp visited the boat shop on the way to the beach to tour the shop and participate in an engineering activity. The "Y" has asked to repeat the "boat in the pool" program and a summer visit to the boat shop.

This past fall, the Society brought the 2017 raffle boat to the Scout Jamboree held at

## THE EAST END CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY

By Ray Hartjen

rhartjen@hamptons.com - (631) 324-2490

Admission is always free

The Community Boat Shop is at  
301 Bluff Road in Amagansett, New York

## Our 10th Year

It is significant to note that this year marks our 10th year. To celebrate that event we have initiated two major undertakings. The first, is the design and construction of a new storage shed. The second, is reaching out to the youth in our community to bring them in as an educational supplement to their traditional programs, thus expanding their perspective while living here on the east end.

East Hampton Historical Farm Museum. The members spoke about the construction of the boat, the mission of the Society and opportunities the Society offers to both the Scouts and the adults in the community.

The Society is currently in touch with Amagansett Union Free School District, East Hampton High School and Cornell Extension Summer Camp about potential cooperative activities for the upcoming year.

## Restoration Report



This past winter has been a busy one with work completed on the Dunphy runabout restoration and proceeding well on the H12-1/2. With the majority of the frames replaced, and many floors, the main bulkhead is set to be replaced along with the new mast step. Beginning to look like a classic boat again!

One of the Beetle Cats has been moved into the shop for a refinish and caulk in anticipation of being ready for sale this spring. This is the boat that was restored a few years ago. We have several donated boats advertised for sale that should attract interest after a simple cleanup; ready to go into service for lucky buyers. All in all, a busy season and looking forward to the warm weather when work can move outside as well continuing inside.

## Raffle Boat Report



*Ellen*, our 2018 raffle boat, comes complete with oars, sails and trailer. She is built with Atlantic white cedar, copper riveted to steam bent white oak ribs with varnished cherry seats and transom. *Ellen* has a beam of 4' and length of 12' with custom contender cream sails of 65sf (photo is of sister boat).

## 2018 Events

The East End Classic Boat Society hosts local marine events, exhibits classic boats, and conducts workshops to teach the skills necessary to build and preserve quality, hand-crafted wooden boats. Join us at one or more of this year's expanded list of events starting right now this spring.

This Spring: Fitting out time for our sailing fleet - *The Susan Constant*. We invite you to come by this spring to help with the fitting out of our two active sailboats, the Beetle Cat and the *Susan Constant*. There is a lot of sanding, painting, cleaning out the bilge and the like. This is our way of paying back in exchange for the use of the boats during the sailing season. Wednesday's and Saturday's are the workdays. Be sure to wear old clothes as I guarantee that they will need laundering by the time you return home.



May 19: Sag Harbor Cultural Heritage Day Celebration, Custom House in Sag Harbor, 10am to 5pm. We have been invited by the Society for the Preservation of Long Island Antiquities to exhibit the skills of traditional wooden boat building on the Custom House lawn on Heritage Day. This is quite an opportunity as we will be the only exhibitor that day and this is where we built our first boat fourteen years ago!

August 5: Annual Classic Boat Meet, Louse Point, Springs. We invite our members and friends to gather at Louse Point for a picnic and a sharing of member-owned classic boats. This provides an opportunity to try out a variety craft.

August 10: Fisherman's Fair, Springs. We are delighted to be able to bring to the Spring's community this year's raffle boat, the *Ellen*, a rowing/sailing skiff.

September 8 & 9: HarborFest, Sag Harbor. We have an ideal location on Long Wharf, the village dock, where almost everyone who visits the festival comes by to admire the craftsmanship of the classic boats we'll have on display.

September 22 & 23: Maritime Festival, Greenport. Our beautiful exhibit space is located in Mitchell Park, which is on the waterfront where the popular antique carousel is located. This festival is very well attended. It's a perfect opportunity to talk with the member boat builders.

Fall TBA: Largest Clam Contest, Amagansett. Look for the Classic Boat Society exhibit. Enter the Largest Clam contest with a clam that you harvest from East Hampton waters and win great prizes! There will also be a homemade clam chowder contest.

October 6 & 7, Montauk Fall Festival. This family-oriented community event takes place on Columbus Day weekend, on the Green in the center of downtown Montauk. Stop by our exhibit booth and take chances on winning the 2017 raffle boat, the *Sunshine Tender*.

My daughter, Sonja Catherine, Sunny C., suggested the name, but with Sea instead of C. We were going to build her together, but she succumbed to cancer in her Alaska home, and so I built *Sunny Sea* alone in her memory.

It all started with an ad in the Bristol, Virginia paper for a wooden boat for sale and gave a telephone number. I was amazed because here I am living right in the middle of five TVA lakes in Northeast Tennessee and I'm the only one I know of for sure who deals in wooden boats. I build them and use them and then I give them away. Anyway, that's what the situation is here. The ad just got me all excited so my wife and I drove over to check it out.

There in the back of this lovely estate in Bristol was a dirt floor wooden garage with fold-out doors (very attractive) and when the guy who was selling the boat opened the doors there was the most beautiful hull! Oh what lovely lines! Sitting on two saw horses she was just as good looking as she could be. There was stuff sticking out from it but that was expected. And then I went over and looked inside of her and, oh boy! I could see gouges like someone had just gouged out hunks of wood. I don't know what that was all about. But anyway, she was a mess. Cedar planks on each side, transom across the back and the bottom consisting of four cedar planks and they were all at different levels: it was crazy. This old boat sitting in there I couldn't believe it, she was so beautiful, 18' cedar planking, the lines on her, pug nose bow, and everything.

Then I got up close and looked into her. She was full of all sorts of stuff including raccoon droppings, broken glass and debris... terrible. The frames were all completely rotten. The corresponding ribs were all rotten for about the first 3" from the bottom. The stem had some rot in it. The huge bait well was rotten on the bottom. Underneath her I found 3/4" plywood laid on there very professionally. But I couldn't find any fittings.

## Her Name is *Sunny Sea*

By Finn Wilster Captain USN Ret.

So I got back up and said I can salvage this one. This is a piece of cake in comparison to a couple of other salvations I had made.

So, I began. I peeled off a couple of the frames and sure enough I found some badly corroded screws that looked more like sewing needles. I just broke them off. I took out all the frames, which were spaced every 2' and the ribs and the bait well that was rotten. Took all that out and cleaned up everything. The bottom was just a mess. As I said, all the boards were at different levels and the caulking was mostly gone and wherever there wasn't any caulking I started pouring Titebond Waterproof glue into the cracks. I let that dry for a few days and I'd pour some more in there. So I felt like I was helping to glue the 3/4" plywood to the cedar planks and it would be strong.

Then I put some new frames in, took some 1/4" plywood and cut it into 1-1/2" strips and right where the old frames were I put a new 1/4" piece of plywood, put some bricks on it to hold it while the glue was drying. Then I put 1/4" where the ribs were, 1/4" at a time and braced that up with hunks of wood, broken building blocks, anything I could get my hands on that would hold the ribs against the hull itself. The second day I would do another run and the third day I would do another run and I would have one rib done. I went the whole length of the boat that way and had a brand new exo-skeleton, looking a heck of a lot better.

Then I got a 1"x4" piece of pressure treated pine and cut it up into pieces that fit between the frames right down the center of the bottom. By then I knew exactly what I was going to do...put a very heavy keel

the length of the boat and then put a dagger board trunk right down the middle of it. Then I would be all set for light winds or heavy winds and then of course, if I did not have any wind, I would just row the boat. I did not think that the keel would bother me.

Next I put a rudder blade on a trolling motor above the motor itself. Now I had a tiller all set so I could either sail the boat or use the trolling motor on click #1 and I'd have a little motor/sailor if the keel was putting too much drag on the boat. I put a dagger board trunk right down the middle of it and I made the keel out of 2"x8" trimmed to fit the round rocker and then I drilled large holes right through where my little keelson butted up against the frames. I drilled a hole all the way through, I believe it was 1/2" or maybe it was 5/8", I don't remember. Then I was all set, and I finished working on the inside of the boat, and cleaning it all up, put a coat of primer on it.

I turned the boat over and I was ready to glue the 1-1/2"x8" by 8" keel trimmed to fit the rocker on the bottom of the boat. Then a couple of days later I got under the boat (she is upside down now) and screwed in some gold tinted screws from Lowe's, big suckers that went right through the bottom of the boat and into that keel. Every 2' I've got a bolt holding the keel in place with glue also hoping to make it waterproof underneath. Then I took some 1/2" pressure treated plywood and put side pieces all the way down both sides of the keel, screwed them on and then put the dagger board trunk in there and I had it ready.

Then when everything else was done to my satisfaction I fiberglassed the whole bottom, both sides right up to the gunnels and then painted the whole boat and turned the boat over again. I thought I was ready to build the cabin but realized I first had to build a deck down both sides and across the bow (there was no decking there) and then I got to thinking about "what do I want to cover this with?" I was inclined to just cover it



At left she is rigged as a sailboat. I'm hoping this amount of canvas will be just right for the old geezer sailboat. And since the rudder is also a trolling motor both controlled by the same tiller, should the sail not be enough I'll just hit the trolling motor and be motor sailing and that will work just fine for this silly old man.

Below is the old geezer rowboat in her glory. She's in the water and you can see the beautiful lines. I intentionally made the cabin top parallel with the horizon so that the eye would be drawn to the beauty of the lines of the boat. The golden arches distract from it but they are absolutely necessary to support the mast, lying across them, when we're not sailing.



with a sheet of plywood and then fiberglass it and that would be fine but I was sitting one day in my den and looking at the knotty pine, tongue and groove paneling, varnished, on the ceiling. Boy that would be nice, but nobody in their right mind would use knotty pine tongue and groove paneling to cover a deck...they would be crazy.

The more I thought about it I said to myself, "no, I've got to use something else". Then walking down the aisle at Lowe's, lo and behold there was this section with 1/4" panelling, routed with tongue and groove. One piece had been replaced on the stand backwards and it had three perfect grooves on the backside and then the tongue and the groove for the next piece. "Boy," I thought, "does that look good". So I bought a package of it and took it home and tried out a sample on an old piece of plywood and it came out beautifully.

So with no further adieu I glued that paneling down to the sub-deck and held it in place with bricks and let it dry, and then did another section until I had the whole deck covered. Then I put fiberglass on it and poured some waterproof glue over it and let that dry for a few days; repeated this several times and by then all those grooves were full of Titebond. The fiberglass was held on as tight as could be. Then I put six coats of varnish on it and boy, oh boy, does that look good! I'd hold it up against a Garwood any day of the week. The knotty pine has very tiny knots, no big ones. So I was very happy with it.

I built the cabin to go with that kind of offset the pug nose so it appears to be parallel to the water. I don't know for sure whether it is or not. So I had the deck and the cabin done. Used a couple of pieces of Plexiglas for windows. ...and that was that.

I built two golden arches and put them on. There I sat with an old geezer rowboat that I equipped with bow-facing oars, which by the way are great. I can just sit there and row away as nice as can be. I sit in an office chair and row, looking forward where the boat is going; the stroke is exactly the same as on any other rowboat.

I did all of that and I felt like I was in pretty darn good shape with that rowboat. It was perfect and the golden arches are very significant because what I planned on doing was putting an old geezer sailing rig over our heads and we'd be all set. We could sail her, or drop the sails and row her, or we could do both, or turn on the trolling motor on one click and I'd have a motor sailer. So I had all the options I wanted on the boat and here she is. All I can tell you is I love her, so pleased with the way she's come out.

Alas, due to the sudden onset of severe health problems I have not yet been able to hold her sea trials yet. With high hope for this spring and summer, I bid you adieu.

### Epilog

By Bob Hicks

This story arrived with the following covering note from the author's wife, Kaylynn:

"This is Kaylynn, Finn Wilster's wife. I do not remember how or in what format to submit an article for your magazine and hope this will suffice. Finn is failing and I imagine this is one of his last attempts to tell a story. It is so important to him that it goes in the magazine. It was very difficult for him to write."

I responded that I could use Finn's story as she had submitted it and sent a preliminary layout as it would appear in this June issue, to which she responded thusly:

"Can't thank you enough. I printed the article for him and he has it in the hospital along with a *Messing About in Boats* magazine so people can see where it will be published. Everyone has been very excited about it, but no one more so than Finn."

Too soon I received another email from Kaylynn:

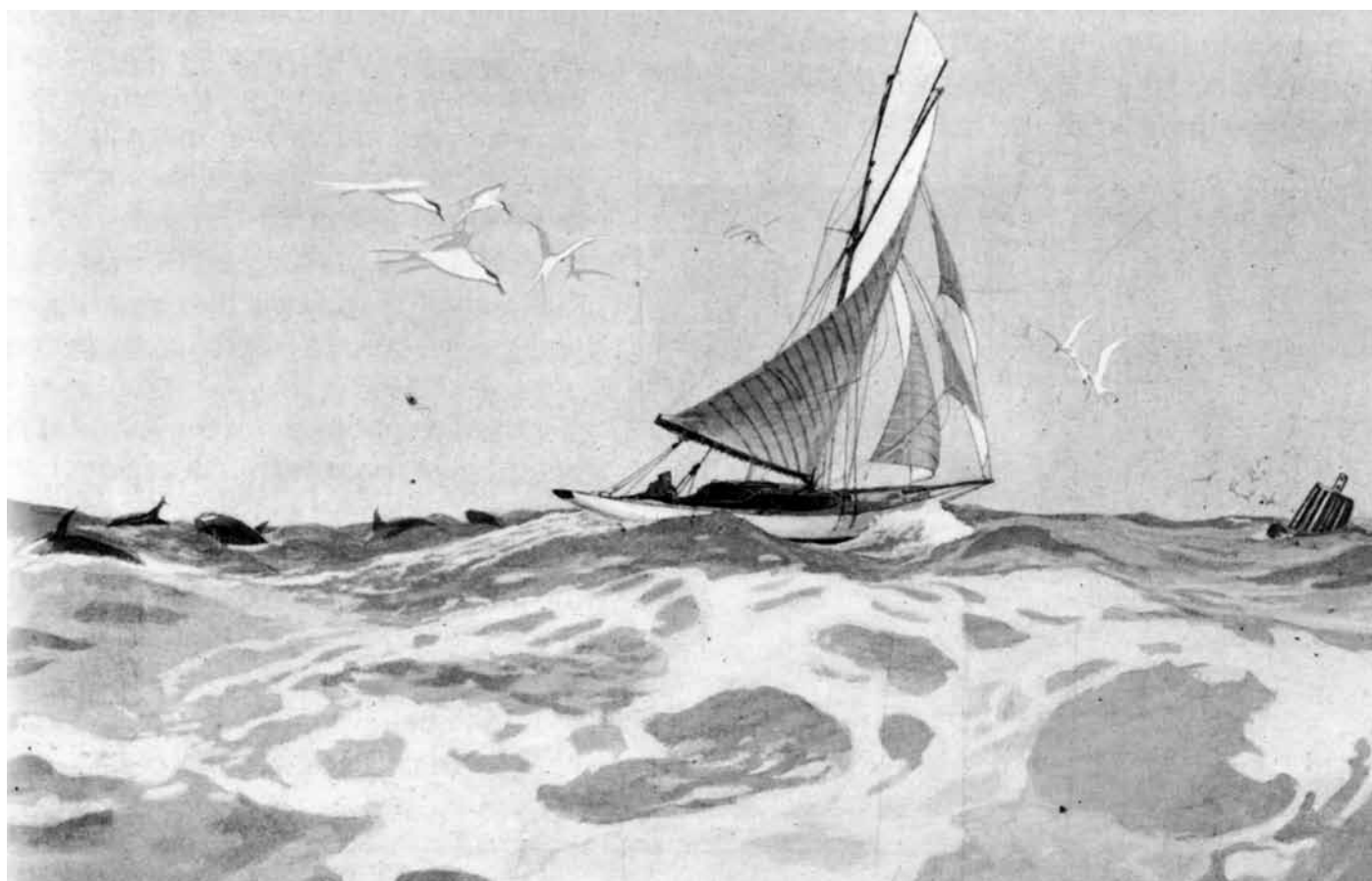
"Unexpectedly Finn has pneumonia, and we are in the hospital as I write this. I guess the outlook is not really good so it is very precious that you have sent this to us at this time. The medications trying to heal him are also causing confusion but I feel that he will understand this. He is sleeping now after a very rough night for both of us.

Finn has treasured your magazine for many years and it is only of late that he has given away his old copies, placing them in doctors' offices and places that we visit where there are magazines. He may very well be your biggest fan."

As I was finishing up production on this issue featuring Finn and his boat on the cover I received the following sad news from Kaylynn:

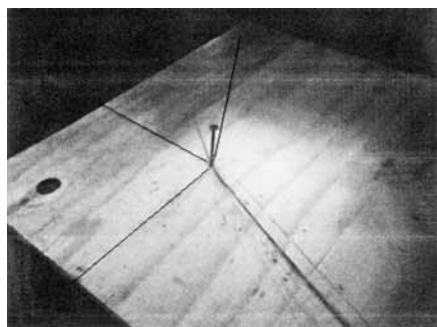
"I am so sorry to have to tell you that my beloved Finn died Sunday evening, April 22. He was so proud of the article, thank you so much for sending it. I made several copies to share with his nearest and dearest. I will appreciate receiving the rest of his subscription, even though each time there is one in the mail box, I guess my heart will break again. It was such an important part of his life...and mine. With love and appreciation, the captain's wife, Kaylynn."

A poignant tale. Finn Wilster had been with us since 1993, over which 24 years he had shared several of his tales of his pleasure in building and using his small boats with all of us.





One reason I'm including the shot below is because I think it's fun and I like it. Three of the lines drawn in pencil were hard to see, so I augmented them with lines drawn with Microsoft Paint. The other one I figured was visible enough to leave as it was.



These are lines I drew to help in the process of the "shift in gears" to which I referred in Part XV. The next photo is from Part XV with the parts laid out in what I've referred to before as sort of a "3-D rough sketch" (although since it's lying on the board it's obviously actually only 3-D in this case but anyway).



The sheet rock screw is there so that I could brace a 1/8" thick batten against it and bend it into a curve so that I could then draw along it with a pencil. The batten didn't end up in the picture because I just bent it, braced one end against the bunk, traced the curve with the pencil and then put the batten back in the "tools and miscellaneous things" box.

The angles on the chine pieces will have to be corrected slightly (which should be no problem, since I've done a similar thing before when I was building the arches for the O'Day Mariner cockpit cover). That way for one thing I can end up with a good curve, and for the other thing there should end up being enough wood left after I cut the curve so that the frame will still be sturdy. One advantage to this "shift", as I mentioned in Part XV, is that it may end up helping *Dancing Chicken* reach completion more efficiently and quickly.

I keep talking about her being able to "splash in the spring". One morning recently, at about 2am, the thought suddenly occurred to me: "What if she doesn't?" "What if"! It's like a road that, after noticing its ancient and weatherbeaten sign, you proceed down it. Soon, glancing to left and right, you notice that the trees on either side of the road look gnarled and twisted, as though a cold wind had been blowing over them...

Urk. So much for "What if." Well, what about "contingency plans"? Okay, that may be a useful concept, but then again maybe only to a very limited degree. If I were to attempt to formulate these, where would I begin? Well, summer is nice. I launched *Talitha Cumi* in August. August is, in fact, my favorite month.

## Dancing Chicken

### A MiniSaga in (?) Parts Part XVI

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Then again, things happen. What if I see summer slipping by and winter closing in and she has still not realized her wish, so to speak? Either way, the plan, with the "contingency" modifier set aside, is to keep plugging, and to keep solving problems, etc. that arise, which come to think of it is part of the adventure anyway, isn't it, not to mention being enriching and educational and bunches of other nifty stuff like that.

As a matter of fact, a while ago, just for fun, I started writing a Star Trek (Gene Roddenberry: *Desilu/Paramount*, January, 1968 to June, 1969) style story featuring a female crew member who had been included in the crew selection for her characteristic reaction to problems. In one scene, various crewmembers stand tensely on the bridge around another crew member, who, gazing intently into the view screen intones ominously: "We have a problem." The above mentioned newly selected crew member reacts with a delighted squeal and a small bobbing motion almost like jumping up and down. No, I haven't gotten to that point yet. But I think it would be cool to be able to be there.

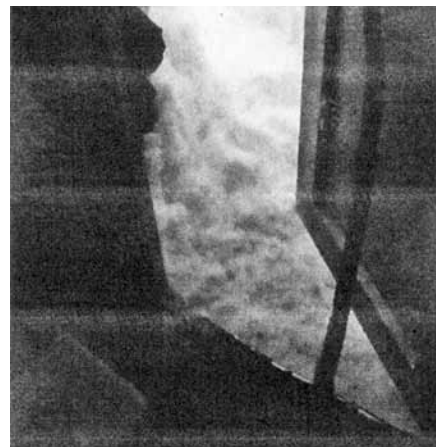
Meanwhile, I think at this point, that our most extreme case scenario, above, is less likely than it was before the "shift" I mentioned, which does seem to be helping the process to run more smoothly.

Nevertheless, I did have some time to work on *Dancing Chicken*. In fact, here is a combination of photo and Microsoft point drawing of almost one side of the forward section (needs a couple of more cuts and some fasteners) taped to the work board with Gorilla tape and propped up in the foyer. It's pretty rough, but I went ahead and included it anyway because at this point I so wanted to be able to employ my father's whimsy: "Progress is being progged."



Also meanwhile, some snow has happened. On the one hand, this gave me a couple of days off, since the bus wasn't running and the Hutchinson Center was closed. On the other hand, a certain amount of the time was taken up with regular snow stuff with which I had to deal, such as keeping the door well clear. The door well is the depression in the snow that I dig just before a major snowstorm starts. That way, the snow has to first fill up the "well" before it can reach a level where it can pile up enough to trap me inside the camper (the door opens outward). After the well is dug, I then check periodically to see if another "door dig" is necessary.

Here is a photo of the "door well".



Of course, also, at some point, it was necessary to cut the trail. As I may have mentioned before, this is achieved by walking through the snow wearing boots and snowpants or functional equivalent (any pants pulled down over one's boots and taped snugly around the ankle of the boot will work).

Meanwhile, I was remembering that years ago I heard a little mariner's ditty about the best months for venturing forth on a voyage. It went something like this:

June too soon.

August if you must.

September remember

October all over.

I think it probably had something to do with hurricane season. But in any case, it was brought to mind during that midnight "What if" moment about *Dancing Chicken* "splash(ing) in the spring" or not. So, one wonders with the increased smoothness with which the project seems to be proceeding, will she splash in the spring?

I remember a quotation from Spock from the original Star Trek (ibid): "Insufficient data to extrapolate". Also why break with what seems to be becoming something of a mini-tradition? Therefore at least at this juncture, I shall reply thus:

We shall see.



It takes a long time for us amateurs to build a boat. If you ever buy one all built and want to complain about how much it costs, bite your tongue. Once you've built one, you'll see. It's a lot of work and if you have a family and a job you're supposed to do to bring home the bacon and all, it can be pretty close to forever.

My first real build was a 17' dory that I started just before our son took up hockey. and I had to go to hockey practice every time I thought I might get into the cellar to work. Between that and cello lessons it took quite a few years to finish that boat. Of course I didn't really know what I was doing so that slowed me down, too.

Now I am at the tail end of another seven year build and I want to tell you about that. I started a 10' Chaisson dory skiff. It's a beautiful design. I saw one for sale way back at that Northport Boat shop that used to be on the left of Route 1 just before Belfast, Maine. The building is still there but the business has been gone for a while. I still stop and look in the windows sometimes. Last summer there were no boats left inside so I probably won't stop more than two or three more times before I believe that all those boats are gone.

This Chaisson skiff I saw there was oiled pine and had two planks that were badly split. \$150. I hesitated. I didn't know if I could replace those planks. I decided I could the next day, and went back. It was gone, you probably saw that coming, but I didn't. I was crushed. How could someone else buy that worthless thing when I wanted to? I'd been yearning for one since.

These skiffs are gorgeous, lapstrake dory style with a squared off stern with little stern sheets, you know those seats that wrap around the sides a bit so you can scootch over there if your dog wants the middle of the seat. It's a saucy boat, with a nice high bow for a little boat and as close to a round-sided dinghy as you can get. I've rowed one at Mystic with my wife and our then teen-aged son along for the ride and was surprised at its capacity. Our little 8' dink just about sinks with the three of us in it. This thing still rowed impeccably.

So I had to have one and in the *Dory Book*, by John Gardner, there are the offsets and sketches. Having successfully muddled through the 17' dory I figured I could handle it. I set it up in our cellar right where I'd built that 17' Swampscott. I built a little wooden floor to work on and then I got the frames built.

Unlike the 17 footer, these frames aren't part of the finished boat, they're removed when the hull is done after the planks are bent around them and fastened to the stem and the transom. I built the bottom, two pine boards 1" thick, held together with oak cleats and attached the frames. I built the transom of good 1-1/8" white pine. Got out a stem of 2" oak- I hope it's white oak but I don't remember. Gardner suggest building this boat right-side-up, unusual for a dory. He says it's a little harder to do the bevels on the planks, but it is easier to do the riveting.

I was scared stiff of the bevels and thought I'd better build it upside down to make them easier. I'd get the rivets done lying on my back under the boat with a partner outside backing up the head of the rivets like I'd done on the 17 footer. I got two planks on but boy was life intruding. I just couldn't get there, in the summer we have our campout in Owls Head. I like to go play too much to work on a boat in a dark cellar. In the

## True Love in Lapstrake Pine Building a 10' Chaisson Dory Skiff

By Paul Murray



fall life kept happening. It was years. In my defense, oh forget it. I don't even know how long it was. Years.

It got so bad that one day my wife and I were taking a tour of the cellar and thinking how nice it would be to clean it up. We'd painted the house and done some repairs and yard work, I really wanted the cellar to be less of a mess. I'll never get to this boat. I actually took a hammer to it to demonstrate that I was really going to give it up. I'd hung a third strake on the port side at some point a couple of years before. That was the side I decided to hit with a hammer, as a commitment to cleaning things up in the cellar. I was officially giving up on this boat.

I'd found a shellback dinghy in *MAIB* a few years back in Marshfield for \$500 and that was a fantastic dinghy. Similar to this Chaisson, but built in plywood. I didn't need another project to finish. I hit it four or five times. I put a good hole in the garboard, and cracked the next strake up. There. I'll clean that mess up later. Done with that boat.

But I got to thinking, right? I mean the set up. The bottom. The transom. I just need a few more planks. I'm retired now. I can get to it. I decided to finish it. I thought my wife might kill me, but it turns out she had been aghast when I hit the boat with a hammer. It just goes to show you how clueless we men can be about how our wives really feel. So now I found with a boat similar to that I had seen all those years ago in Northport, a Chaisson dory skiff with busted planks, and I not only have to do the repair to the planks, but I have to build the boat. We all do things that others might think are strange now and then.

Anyway, am I ever glad I decided to finish this boat. The planking was really hard because I had not done all that good a job of setting up this boat. The stem bevel was way off, the planks weren't fitting all that well. I kept telling myself, "I can always fiberglass everything and it will be a good serviceable dink". So the planking isn't perfect and the repairs are super obvious, but epoxy resin and cloth make things watertight and does it ever become interesting and good looking as you start to finish things off. I got the hull off the frames and moved it into the back yard. One of the things that took up my time so I

couldn't get to this dinghy was that I'd built a barn so I'd have a better shop. I was going to do the fiberglass work to the bottom of this boat, then move it into my barn. At long last I get to work on a boat in my barn!!!

I had to put in a million ribs, one every 8", a 3/8"x7/8" piece of oak. I had some white oak I'd had in the barn for years and tried to steam it and was breaking more ribs than I was installing. I went to the local sawmill to get enough for all my ribs and the gunwales. I got some white oak for \$30 that had been a tree three weeks before. Clarence Pike is the sawyer. His dad used to operate Pike's Sawmill in Chaplin, CT. Clarence said Gannon and Benjamin had just been down to get some wood for a dory project they were working on. Interesting place. Look at the size of that sawblade. It's interesting to note that here in Connecticut, the insurance capital of the world, I have really easy access to a sawmill and great wood that is much harder to find up in Maine. I've got some 25" wide white pine stashed in my cellar.

After my trip the sawmill, the ribs went well. This white oak steamed up and bent in beautifully. 26 ribs all riveted in. The gunwale is an open type. There's an inwale and an outwale riveted through the frames. I got longer rivets for this from Faering Design, one email, a check sent with the order form and the rivets showed up in the mail the next week.

One thing that is so cool about building a boat is all the stuff to find out about and figure out. When I got to putting in the risers for the thwarts I needed even longer rivets and I wanted to do it right now! So I checked Jamestown Distributors, in Bristol Rhode Island and they had copper nails long enough, and they're only 1-1/2 hours away. Well it's an hour and half if you don't get lost. It was an hour and a half to get back. But I was using the nails as rivets the same day. And boy was it fun to drink a beer and marvel at this boat with its ribs and one gunwale on, the center thwart on its risers, a couple of trial knee patterns cut out of pine. It looks so good I cannot believe it. I can't wait to start the next boat. This one is at the stage where I know it is in the bag. Paint and varnish, nothing! That's dessert. Once you're done with everything that you don't know how to do it's a whole lot easier.

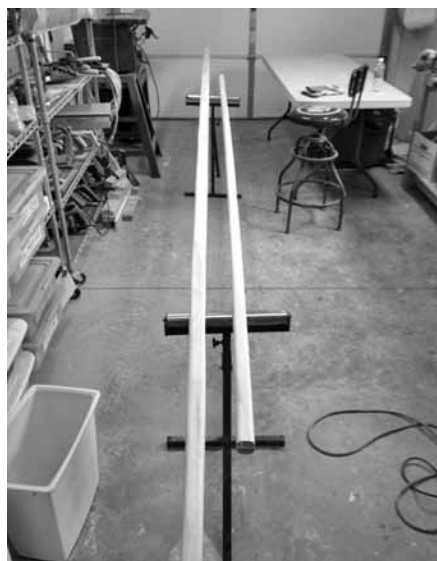
So with the miracles of epoxy and perseverance, we've now got this awesome looking dinghy that rows like an absolute dream. Next boat? Another dory skiff from John Gardner's book, the 19'8" one with a well for the outboard motor so I don't get swamped by a wave from the rear. I can't wait. Well actually I can. I'm waiting for wood now.



A maxim of Quality Management is that a part or material should be “suitable for the intended use”. The purchase of boatbuilding wood is a good example. I have built boats with great okoume marine plywood and really good mahogany and white oak lumber, completely encapsulated in fiberglass and epoxy and coated with marine finishes. Such boats require very high standards, and much of the higher cost can be recovered when it is time to sell.

Jim Michalak’s designs tend to be more funboat-like than yacht-like. Our resources dictate that this Trilars will have to be built to a limited budget, with materials which are available locally or online at affordable prices. Thus the materials described in Part One: 5mm birch utility plywood, and Lowes project pine.

My mental goal is always to make something as nearly perfect as I can, but my actually achievable level of craftsmanship is usually something at least a few notches down the scale. The past couple of weeks have been spent making the mast and sprit. Both required table-sawing the required widths, scarphing pieces end-to-end, gluing to the required thicknesses, final shaping, and finishing. I tried tapering the mast per plans with my saber saw and with my 10” Craftsman band-saw, but both were glacially slow. The job was finally accomplished by free-handing the mast through my Craftsman table saw. The parts are made, but not yet coated. They are not as good as I had hoped, but I judged them to be “suitable for the intended use”.



## Building Trilars

### Part Two

By Jim Brown,

It is true that one can never have too many clamps. A few more would have given me more uniform glue lines, but these will do the job. The plan indicates these spars should be round, but I chose to just router the corners with a 1/2” roundover bit (the largest bit I had available) and call it suitable for the intended use. The mast base will fit nicely inside a section of 3” PVC pipe I will use as a mast partner.

My standard color scheme for boats is usually a dark green hull, with red bottom separated by a yellow stripe, and topped with a tanbark sail. Dave Gray at Polysails International does not offer tanbark colored material, but he suggested either red or blaze orange. Here I am in Tennessee, with a daughter and son-in-law who graduated from UT in Knoxville, and two of our grandchildren are also UT graduates. Folks around here are crazy for “The Big Orange”, and anything orange. (Though I graduated from the University of South Carolina (BSME 1955), I have become a UT fan as well). So the new plan is a “blaze orange” Michalak leg-o-mutton spritsail, with white and orange paint on the hulls, and white-painted spars. The sail has been ordered, but won’t be received for another week or two.

In Part One, I stated that I planned to get another Harbor Freight utility trailer to replace the 25 year old rusty-but-trusty one I unwisely sold at a yard sale last year. But HF’s latest flyers and website show no utility trailers offered. A recent visit to the local Harbor Freight store found some trailers on “clearance” at super prices (as low as \$129.95 for a 4’ utility), but when I attempted to buy one, I was told that they are in stock, but can’t be sold because of a “recall in progress”.

I just received a very nice email reply from HF Product Support in CA, stating that they had discovered that some tires supplied with their trailers did not meet DOT standards, and they are suspending sales until the tires can be replaced with tires that meet standards. Northern Tool has some nice trailers available, but they are lawyerly limited to 45mph. I don’t know whether that limit is related to the above tire problem. I am a long way from needing the trailer yet, so I am watching Craigslist in the meantime.

Some of the smaller parts needed for this project have been made before starting on the space-consuming three hulls. I had previously bought a 4’x8” sheet of 1/2” meranti marine plywood to construct the frames for my Chuckanut 12 skin-on-frame kayak, but only needed 1/3 of the sheet, so I have a 48”x66” piece remaining that I will use for rudder parts and leeboard. This is thinner than the 3-layers of 1/4” ply specified, but it is really strong 9-ply marine stuff and probably plenty stiff enough. Way better than what is needed for the intended use, but it’s what I have available.



Here are the parts for the leeboard assembly, rudder/tiller assembly and mast partners cut out, and the edges rounded. These will be stained and varnished, just because this wood is too pretty to cover with paint! I think I’ll do the transom with the meranti as well! That would be a nice touch.



Every boatbuilding man needs a help-mate, and here is Carole who just helped me epoxy and tape the “Dynamite Payson” fiberglass tape scarph joint between two sheets of that utility ply. All that weighty oak wood is making sure the joint will be straight and true. She has been a great help and encourager on all my projects. The restored Gheenoe 15-4 sits proudly in the background.





I always show Carole in these pages in her work clothes, so for a change of pace, here she is ready to go to a nice restaurant to celebrate her 79th birthday. She cleans up pretty good!



It took about three weeks to get the four sheets of Utility Ply scarphed into two long sheets and the main hull and deck parts marked up and cut out. Those long sheets of this thin and flexible wood are really hard to handle and my helpmate was called back into service to get the first sheet out of the garage, into the shop and up on a work table, which doesn't leave much room to work.



Now all the main hull and deck parts are cut out and ready to assemble. Jim M. recommends not cutting out the bilge panels and the deck panels until the hull is partly assembled, and doing the final fitting at that point.

Jim M. also recommends exposing a sample of any suspect plywood to a one-hour test in boiling water to determine whether the glue is indeed waterproof. However, since I really didn't have an affordable alternative

plywood available, I went ahead and cut out all the parts before running the test. Very foolish and un-engineering of me, I know. The test has now been run, and the results show:

After 15 minutes the sample seemed OK. After 30 minutes the thin outer veneer started to lift. After 45 minutes the whole sample came apart. Disappointing, but not surprising. But what is a test without some control samples? I couldn't find the one control sample I really wanted, a piece of older lauan with the one solid wood ply in the center, which I guessed would not fare much better than the Utility Ply in this test. But I did find two marine ply samples, one 6mm (1/4") okoume with the exterior coated with epoxy, but raw wood edges, and one 12mm (1/2") meranti, plus a sample of ordinary 1/2" non-exterior pine ply. That test showed:

After 15 minutes, all samples looked OK, though the wood in the interior pine ply seemed to have swollen somewhat due to absorption of water. After 30 minutes, there was no significant change apparent in any of the samples. After 50 minutes, all three samples still looked pretty good, with the two marine ply samples looking the best. After 60 minutes, I declared that all three samples had passed the test. There is a possibility that the pine sample was actually rated for exterior use, as the sample I used had no actual stamping visible.

My personal opinion is that this is a very severe test. One can conclude that anything passing this test is definitely suited for the intended use. But I don't necessarily agree that failure to pass this test describes unsuitability for the intended use, under the intended conditions. The big question remains, what does all this mean concerning building a boat which will have the exterior covered in fiberglass and epoxy, the interior and all raw edges coated in epoxy, all seams covered in epoxy tape, and all covered in primer, and several coats of oil-based enamel, and which will be stored in a garage on a trailer when not actually in use?

So, I must think through my actual objectives with this boat. Do I proceed as planned, even though the utility ply failed the boil test, counting on subsequent coatings, which may render the wood "suitable for the intended use"? Or do I cut my losses and send off for some frightfully expensive sheets of marine ply, plus equally frightfully expensive shipping? Or is there some third option, as yet unknown? Tune in for the next thrilling episode!

This seems like a good point to bring Part Two to a close. Part Three will have us deciding on the hull material, and perhaps assembling the main hull and deck. I have decided to make the amas out of two sheets of 2" foam. I can get two 12' amas, each with an 8" square cross-section, out of those two sheets. I'm still thinking about various options for the retractable or foldable akas/amas.

The blaze-orange sail with white trim (Polysail International, \$161.95 including shipping) plus some odds and ends locally, brings the total outlay at this point to \$573.52. The major remaining expense will be primer, paint, and the trailer. Until next time my friends, Faire Winds.



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## A Lonely Place

The Frankenwerke can be a lonely place on a snowbound weekend. Other than Kate and Jamie the Seadog, if I want to talk to somebody I might as well go to the lumberyard. In fact, I did. We've been generating a lot of plywood scrap lately. I needed to go get some more sheets to reduce the dust and noise to at least keep up appearances.



The Dutch door for the cabin main entrance is more or less roughed out. The door knob mechanism is on order. We've got a long aluminum piano hinge to cut and drill and fit. But I think this is what I had in mind. Pretty sure and the window frames are starting to resemble what I was thinking they should resemble, too.



The aft sidelights will probably look about like this.



With some more of that Alaskan yellow cedar next to and under 'em and the forward hatch has taken on a rakish angle which, it would appear, our staff photographer didn't bother to take a picture of. Hard to get good help on the weekends but he did get a shot of the cutting board/stove counter/hanging locker top.



## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Kinda sexy, that, and there was supposed to be about a dozen itty bitty cabinet doors, all swinging playfully from their hinges, except that the hardware store only had a couple of measly packages of the wrong kind when I slicker slid my way to town. So we had to settle for plywood and a box of rubber gloves. We go through gobs of those cheap rubber gloves around this ranch. But no hinges.



### There is ONE THING

There is ONE THING we do here at Frankenwerke better than anybody I've ever met. One thing. We can snatch defeat from the jaws of victory better than anybody. We did it today, more colossally than just about ever and when I went looking for the culprits behind this complete, unadulterated FUBAR, everybody else had simply disappeared. I was the only one standing there. I guess Truman was right. That ol' buck gotta stop someplace but gee, nowwwhuuuutttthuh?

There's a song that plays on our "virtual sound system," one of those cost cutting moves that didn't get a lot of support from the rank and file. It's that one by Dierks Bentley. You know the one, "I KNOW what I was feelin' but what was I THINKIN'?" That one.

We have created a door and window arrangement that much more properly would belong on a remake of one of those old swashbucklers where the Three Musketeers free the good guys from the Bastille.



I know what the Real Boat Builder Guys would say, but first a little history. Was a time when those of us who drove ships around and bored holes in the ocean for Uncle Sam wore optical contrivances that were universally known as BCGs. Yeah, birth control glasses. Now, 40 or 50 years later, every time I turn on the TV news there is somebody wearing

what looks just like one of my old pairs of BCGs. Suddenly what was once nerdy is now haut couture. So maybe that was the subliminal underpinnings of this colossal blunder by our Design Department. And I signed off on that design brief, "Great concept," sez I. Concept, schmoncept, this thing just ain't even gonna make good firewood. Not at all likely, a real dungeon.



In fact, this view from the helm, looking aft, is only missing a sleeping gaoler, his bundle of keys scattered just tantalizingly out of reach. There is a way for him to toss in the bucket of swill for the captives.



I guess there is that. I'm pretty sure this is why mom always said, "Make a mockup for your mockup. That way, when you have a screwup, you won't have a xxxxup." Mom always had a way with words. Sure, we had our reasons for this whole thing, but as I look frantically for my tin cup so I can clang it on the cell bars in the vain hope that Compt D'Artagnan will find me languishing here, I think I can hear the clink of spurs and swashbuckles from across the moat someplace.



I'm in here. In the dungeon. Imprisoned by my own hand...

## Sometimes the First Idea Ain't the Best Idea

Sometimes. After my dustup about the general nature of that back door setup, nobody around here seemed to know what it was that I wanted. The now discredited approach was for all intents and purposes going to be strong and straight and functional and as water resistant as any other thing we've tried with boat windows and boat doors. I'd even ordered a real live marine door knob assembly thingie for a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick door, that is. Well, because that's what we had, a three quarter incher before I sent the whole outfit back to the drawing board. In our case, that drawing board was actually a small piece of cedar scrap.



Part of the big objection to the door and windows we already had was the general restriction in sight lines from the helm station. It's truly amazing how much we can restrict things with not very much change in width and positioning of window frames and door frames. Well, we managed to discover the golden mean of obstructions.



It's time to go back out there and make some sawdust.



## Nothing Like Starting Over

I did try to use the old stuff, really did. Just too wide and too short and too long and not tall enough. So kaboom, most of the angst over this particular job has to do with that old bugaboo. The top's gotta come off to get us back outside and everything attached to it's gotta come off, too. Like window frames, door frames, all that stuff. So there we sat, just staring at things. I guess it was obvious.

It all hinges on not using hinges. Yeah, it didn't make a lot of sense the first time I heard it either. But suddenly the whole thing seemed not only doable, but a good idea to start over. Out came the little battery powered circular saw. Zip, zip. Gone was the door frame. Gone was part of that partial bulkhead. Narrower was the door hole. Things are hummin' now.



I was never much of a basketball player. I desperately wanted to play but I also didn't want to wear my glasses for contact sports. Actually, back then I didn't want to wear my glasses for ANYTHING. Problem was, that darn basket just wasn't quite where I thought they put it. One of those big vocabulary words, astigmatism. And another \$20 Yankee word, diplopia/amblyopia. Couldn't hit the basket well enough for even JV, but I did learn the fundamentals. Like pivoting, and that's how *Miss Kathleen* is gonna get a new back door. It's gonna PIVOT from the top and bottom. Cool, huh?

The window frames should make a mating surface to keep the rain out but I'm thinking that we won't need that door frame that really doesn't want to pop in and out just because I say it should. Just a couple of twirleethingeers, one top, the other bottom. I found a set made with stainless and nylon. The pony express should bring it in a couple days. Yep, pretty cool. So we went from this.



To something that will, likely, look a lot like this.



New window frames tomorrow, but first I think I'll go out and shoot a few baskets. Anybody up for a game of H-O-R-S-E?



## "Mama, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys..."

Those were the words blaring over the Frankenwerke virtual sound system. Seems we had gotten a bit too exuberant with all this "Head 'em up, move 'em out!" stuff. Once young Rowdy Yates got a bit ahead of himself. Yeah. We play *The Best of Clint Eastwood* on our virtual video system during lunch breaks and on national holidays. It can be a real morale booster. Or so the Occ Health Department has been proclaiming. The old new windshield frame somehow got rabbeted for the glazing panel without any reinforcing gussets in the corners. It had a sorta glaring divot in the original bandsawmanship, too.

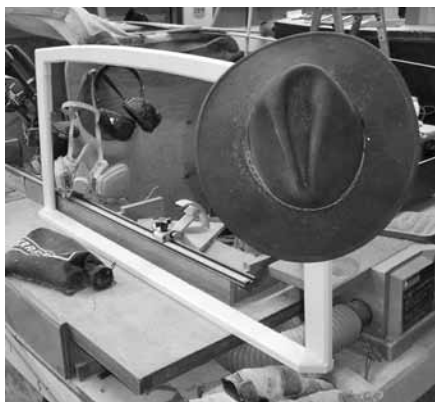


So we put a halt to that stampede to reach Mineral City for shaves and baths and maybe a slug a' good ol' rotgut sarsaparilla. We're talkin' "Whoa, when I say WHOA!!!"





Nuthin' new here, startovertime can be just about anytime. Besides, we had just about gotten the last batch of sawdust, router chips and odd scraps gathered up and ready for a fairing and filling slathering that would make one a' those Texas BBQ's seem like a kindergarten finger painting session. Time to make more sawdust to replace what got brushed accidentally off the outfeed table. So circle back around and round up them strays.



Alright, now.



Gittapppp...nice 'n easy...



Eeeee-Haaawwwww!!

That unruly herd of figgeritowts is headed for the corral. No, this cattle drive ain't over, not by a long shot, but I think we're beginning to see glimpses of the end of the trail. Probably rustlers and varmints yet

up ahead but just about all the major wunderwhuts have been roped, branded and bunched up behind the chuck wagon. As I was sayin', eeeee-haaawwwww!!



Ferinstance, the essential timbre and pitch of that forward hatch is knocked together and the windshield frame is doped out how it's supposed to seal up and swing up and stuff like that.



And the anti boxy devices are laid out for the cabin's trailing edges.



And, wonder of wonders, that boxy, heavy, dungeon like door and window setup that was perched at the back porch a couple days ago has gone on a diet. Slimmed right down.



And the view down aft from the helm is about 100% improved, I can see both quarters from the swivel seat, a real bonus when backing into a slip or rafting up and when towing.



We can even begin to see how things will look to the lookouts.



We've even got a plan for how those side windows are supposed to join up with the lid once it's been removed for getting outside, and put back on.



## One Piece at a Time

Well, Johnny Cash built his retirement car that way, one...piece...at...a...time. And we're sliding down to that part of the spiral where each of those pieces needs about a dozen trips to the saw or sander or drill press or something that isn't exactly where we are standing at the time. Which brings me to the retirement part.

I was over at the lumberyard this afternoon converting more of my pension into really expensive sheets of plywood and boxes of screws to hook the surviving pieces to each other. Jim, my pusher of choice, asked me if I was gonna take the weekend off, being Friday and all. In my normal ready fire aim type of discourse I said, "Naw, I'm retired, we don't get days off."

I guess that's what should be posted right under the door sign to the shop that proclaims the Frankenwerke as "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood." And no, we don't get days off. Turns out we're in a race with the calendar, nothing metaphysical, just a plain, old fashioned deadline. *Mr Tom* has to have a physi-

cal exam before the State Patrol will grant him a birth certificate. These things are scheduled months in advance. Waaaaay back in November, I sked oors for late February.

Well, it's within a week of as late as it's gonna get in January right now and all this stuff we're doing to *Miss Kathleen* has to be done first. *Mr T* is holding *Miss K* up at the moment. Not only that, but he's sitting on the floor with his shoes off looking all too casual for the seriousness of the situation. So I guess I'm going to have to take a leadership role and keep everybody on the job until we're ready to move back outdoors. Maybe a week or so. In the meantime, I keep climbing up and down the ladder fitting fussy pieces and getting glue smeared all over myself. But some stuff seems to get done.



That little cabin extension up forward got planked across the top today, more of that Alaska yellow cedar, more cutting and shaping and sanding, of course.



That's how we keep up on production of that high grade sawdust. And somehow that forward hatch appears like it may even repel water. Maybe.



When it's closed, at least. And the side windows have what we'll call "locating cleats." These pieces have to be there so when the top comes off for our upcoming jail break it won't be quite as hard to get everything lined up and hooked on a bit more permanently. As I say, hopefully, that is.



Six windows. A dozen parts. Fifty trips up and down.



And, wonder of wonders, I have been absolutely putting this one off. More Sawzall and grinder stuff. Hey, I don't blame me for a minute, it's just a crummy job and this time I had to wad myself up and work overhead. In fact, at one point I got to thinking about that angle grinder with the really coarse sanding disc glued to that carbide wheel, the one held sorta, kinda with one hand over my, er, lap. The one with the trigger locked in the Oscar November position. That one. Well, anyway, we got 'er cut up and ground down.



Not much of the original deck now remains. This is looking forward over the berth. Significantly fewer headknockers. Still gotta finish it off with something from a pine tree but the worst of it is handled. And, by the way, no, I didn't drop that angle grinder, thank you very much. And then about quittin' time tonight that back door actually showed us how it just might even swing open.



And closed.



I did ask the staff photographer to climb down the ladder and back up and get a better shot. He said, "Do it your own damn self!" But I was just too tired to climb that ladder any more tonight. So I guess we'll just settle for that's that. Just a good thing that tomorrow's Saturday, only two more working days until Monday. I told him, "Be in all the earlier tomorrow, Cratchett!!..."

## We're a Bit Like Manufacturing Outfits, the World Over

The Saturday night crew can get just a bit lax when the cleanup bell rings. I have every intention of taking it up with the foreman when I see him but I have to admit those guys did get some stuff done. As long as they get their act together tonight so the Monday day crew has at least a bench to work on, I probably won't have too many of those triplicate form counseling sheets to fill out. Paperwork can be a real pain. I, for one, would much rather listen to the hum of an orbital sander than a list of somebody's excuses. So, as I did my walkaround this morning with Jamie the Seadog, we were pretty encouraged with what we saw. Lotsa paint got spattered on the floor, always a good sign of progress.



Notes in the PDL (pass down the line) log show stuff like, "...sand, mask, topcoat, varnish..." That gives me a good idea of what the day crew had better work on. Just as soon as those guys get done sharing that donut and cold cuppa coffee I put out to show what I learned from my Morale Building Seminar attendance.



I can never get far enough back to get a full length shot of *Miss Kathleen* here in the service bay without getting lots of electrical cords and the clamp rack and paint locker and other stikeuppee stuff in the way. But I do see that the “trailboard” that fills in aft of the windows has been redone. I think it’s a lot cleaner. That’s where the name is gonna get put this time around. We continually scrape the decals off from just about every place on the hull it’s been tried. I can also see that those window frames have been in and out a bunch of times since yesterday. They all have to “float” a bit. Everything that attaches to the boat lid will be pulled and stacked and then (hopefully) reassembled and sealed when we make our Break for the Daylight. And that better be real soon.



Funny how BIG this little girl appears waaaaay up there on the trailer. She gets downright small when sitting pierside someplace next to a gaggle of 50-footers. That’s when I can stand on the pier and look down on the top.



Try that now and all I get for my trouble is a smack into the 9’ ceiling. No doubt there are better things to do with this highly educated in management expertise cranium.



In fact, I can hardly wait until the full day crew shows up for calisthenics and Political Indoctrination Class tomorrow morning. Gotta ask those guys how they think they’re gonna get that edge trim to work out. I ain’t got a clue at this point. I just hope somebody has a bright idea.



## Downhill is Just As Far to the Bottom

The problem with hills, once you’re over the hill, and it’s all downhill from here, it’s just as far to the bottom, again, as it was to the top. Plan was to concentrate our next couple of workdays on getting the rear end of *Miss Kathleen* ready for prime time, lots of sanding, and filling and patching and repainting to do back there. First off, we’ve come to the conclusion that the anchor handling stuff for the bow anchor should actually be on the, well, on the BOW. There is/was, a humongous two speed sailboat winch back there and a hawse that collected a couple of hundred feet of large diameter nylon double braid rode and a length of chain. It was back there because I have always anchored off the stern. Lots of good reasons for that.

Except this particular boat simply doesn’t like to hang off the stern. Much like combing your angora cat backwards, she just skips and flits around, never settles down. So I compromised. I left the heavy stuff and the gooey stuff back on the fantail, the rode and chain got led through a series of jury rigged fairleads and snatch blocks to a jury rigged forward anchor launching maze. We might have anchored a thousand or more times with this setup. But there are always problems. It often jams. Just never quite what the doctor ordered so what a great opportunity to put things more right?

Likely, back a half century or longer ago, some smart guy drew this mechanism up on drafting paper with a pencil. He no doubt figured for sideloads and bearing tolerances, even expected wear points, ease of servicing and lubrication and even partial disassembly under less than optimal conditions. That smart guy probably never expected somebody like me to turn his mechanical gem into an anchor windlass. At least, I bet he never figured that particular design brief needed to deal with getting bolted on and then completely blocked from the underside. Well, he probably wouldn’t have believed anybody could be so, er, so “not getting the word.”



So it was a simple matter of changing plans. That huge winch needed to get unbolted from the fantail and moved to the foc’sl and one of the four 1/4”-20 bolts holding it in place during storm and calm, was still executing his original orders, “Don’t let this thing slip!” For his considerable trouble and bravery under adversity he got the standard reward, the Ol’ Man chewed his head off. Once the new order of march was promulgated, things proceeded according to (the new) plan.

There’s some madness to this method. Typically, I like to have the hawse pipe close to the point of departure. That way the rode and chain can pretty much roll out unattended. I use heavy double braid for a couple of pretty compelling reasons. First off, it doesn’t kink up like the three stand stuff does, just dump it in and yank it out. Second, it’s way easier on my hands when it comes time to lift a huge ball of sea grass and mud. There’s still a 12” open base cleat to set athwartships. I like these really big cleats because I can actually “tie” the chain to them when that becomes necessary.





The brilliant scheme in all this was to use a piece of heavy wall plastic drainpipe as a chain pipe below the foredeck. I tried several ideas but concluded things will go better with a bigger open bin to allow the rode to pile up unimpeded. This gave the added advantage of creating a shelf for the CPAP machine at the head of my berth and a couple of lift out inspection ports. Probably a good compromise. It even provides a place for a small framed painting or poster, something like "Eight Bells" perhaps.



This is roll on marine one part alkyd paint from an outfit on Bainbridge Island that Duckworks reps for. So far, real easy to work with. We'll see how things look after the first time we go slithering down one of those launch ramp floats. But it should have a couple of months to harden up first.

I see from this photo somebody decided that it was just too much effort to go get the other roll of masking tape to help with painting the last couple of feet of the toe rail and adjacent waterway. Nothing like a short cut to make extra work is what I always say.



"Discovery," my high mileage waterproof camera doesn't really like to take indoor flash pictures of shiny things. Hard to get a decent shot of the new hull color but, all things being equal, it ain't bad.

Today ended up better than it started out. Gotta go check the memo board. Never know for sure if I maybe missed something else while I was painting.

### Time is Getting Short

Time is getting short. Our trailer inspection appointment is less than a month away. That, and everything else, is what is driving this mad dash to the finish line.

Windows and doors are starting to look like they might actually fit and even open and close. Kinda exciting.



Interior cabinets seem to be sprouting to starboard.

Admittedly we give the entire notion of "workboat fit and finish" a bad rap. And it would appear that somebody left their official Frankenwerke pocket calculator "on." No wonder the Supply Department is always out of batteries.



And to port, hideyholes for some kinda stuff.



Stuff that is supposed to be painted green is decidedly turning green. Stuff that is planned to be yellow is turning yellow.



The prime coat, under the nonskid, is pretty much smeared around. We'd be in deep kimchee without masking tape. The race is on.



The spirits say, "Spring is in the air..."



We've had spring for the last couple of months or so here in Florida but some of you, I'm sorry to say, have been stuck in winter. Boston just can't seem to catch a break. Here's something I never thought I'd see. What the hell, do you really live in a place like this, is it McMurdo Sound or something?

"Hey honey lets go out in the boat."

"OK but don't forget to take the snow blower".

Richard Honan keeps me up to date on the crap winter they've been having, makes him appreciate the summers a lot more these days.



We talk about how big these little 12' Scamps are but this photo puts it into truer perspective. Now I admit that Richard is a giant, but I couldn't resist getting these of him trying to reach up in the front. He'll have this one ready for Cedar Key in a couple of weeks.



Speaking of Cedar Key, Helen and I took *Laylah* out for a sail to make sure she's ready for the big event. The Florida Gulf Coast TSCA was having their annual gathering so it was a good reason to go out.

Check out the latest addition, a built in cooler. It fits flush and is out of the way under the tiller, worked great. I also put two more cup holders in the deck, got to keep our priorities straight. This new sail sets great. The old set was 12 years old and looking a little sad.



# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



This should not be allowed, Dr Jim came down from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland or somewhere up there, took one of my kayaks and caught this perfect keeper redfish right in front of my dock. We watched him get pulled all over the bay for about ten minutes then he took it home and ate it. I've been here for 35 years and have still never had a meal out of this river. Think it could be me? All of you are welcome to come by and take a kayak out, they never get used unless a visitor takes them.



John Smith, our resident new guy, is redoing the houseboat and keeps making the mistake of assuming that anything on the damn old boat is square. Here's a shot of him foaming under his new floor. This is two part expanding foam that expands 30 times and does it fast, there are about 20 seconds to get it mixed up and 20 seconds to get it poured out, it's really fun watching it expand. If you fool around it'll go off in the cup and let you know that you have to hurry up. A two gallon kit of this stuff costs about \$80.



Here's the fantail for *Queen Anne* roughed out, it underwent some changes in the last couple of weeks.



I cut it apart and removed 20" out of the middle to create a slot to be able to walk down to the water between the motors. Then I faired and glassed the hell out or each half, I don't want it to break when I back into things. They will not be reinstalled until the rest of the boat is pretty much finished. I have to be able to get into the boat without crawling in through the windows. This is how to add 6' onto a boat in case you always wanted to do that.



Here's something for all of you old submariners out there. Way back in 1969 the Navy saw fit to let me run the reactor on this one. This was one of those "can't drink a beer but can blow up the world" things. I made six patrols on the *Lafayette*, that's more than a year of my life underwater without coming up for air. Maybe that explains a lot. Whalen was one also and he's nuttier than me.



Removing the old canvas from one side gave me a good look at the condition of the hull from the outside as well as the inside. Not bad. It appeared that this was going to be a fairly easy (if perhaps at times tedious) reconditioning, aside from the technical challenge (to me) of the recanvassing later on.

Cleaning out the old paint and varnish from the interior looked to be going to be a lengthy process so I decided to do a trial section from the front seat to the bow on one side. It had been painted up to the seat level and varnished above that. The paint was residual loose flakes, the varnish a bit tighter, but a good quality scraper (they stay sharp longer than the cheap ones) made good progress.



With the paint gone, a couple of cracked ribs made an appearance. I will probably just epoxy the cracks and call it good enough (my usual standard of achievement).



To get into the confines of the bow I needed to remove the mast partners.



The diamond headed bolts that held the partners resisted removal but vise grips grabbed the diamond heads to "unscrew" the machine screws through the too tight wooden gunwales.



# My Old Town Rowboat Project

By Bob Hicks

## Part 4: Still Setting Up



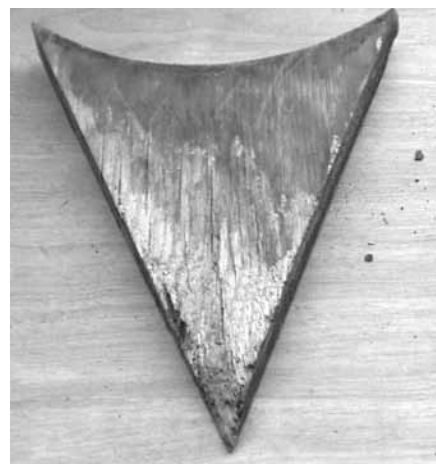
All the mast setup parts were in "good enough" shape to reuse after refinishing.



To get at the screws holding the breasthook in place required removing the canvas and sponson from the other side, so that messy job (filler dust everywhere) was undertaken.



There was some rot on the pointy end of the underside of the breasthook, this was not "good enough" so I will replace it.



There was also a small amount of rot where the rails and stem joined up in the bow, most of the wood, however, remained solid so maybe a bit of epoxy here?



With my upcoming fiberglassing of my now 25-year-old 10' Cockleshell kayak soon to be needing the space on the bench, I arranged to be able to move the Old Town off to one side on a couple of rails that pivot down from the main greenhouse timbers. Making this "lateral arabesque" is easy with the boat's weight taken up by the overhead chain falls.



Looks like it will be scraping now for a while as I intend to finish off the interior before I take on the exterior.



25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

## Leo Telesmanick and the Beetle Cat



Sometime in the early 1930s, a boatbuilder's apprentice named Leo Telesmanick asked the master builder, "How long are we going to keep building this same boat, over and over again?" Charles D. Beetle replied, "Skippy, as long as people keep getting married and having children, we'll be building Beetle Cats."

Charley Beetle died in 1936, but his prediction still can't be proved wrong. Since going into production in 1920, over 4,100 Beetle Cat Boats have been launched. The shop in South Dartmouth, now owned by Concordia Company and under the management of Stephen Smith, continues to boost that number by 25 or so every year. The gaff-rigged Beetle Cat, 12'4" LOA and half as wide, is the oldest plank-on-frame one-design in production in the U.S., and the only one being raced regularly in significant numbers. It has its roots in the history of the New Bedford whaling fishery.

### Innovation born of desperation

Imagine sailing into your home port after a voyage lasting two years, and before you've even set foot ashore, someone tries to sell you something. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the New Bedford whaling fleet was on the brink of dissolution after years of decline. The builders who supplied whaleboats to the fleet were competing fiercely with one another for shares of a shrinking market, and they couldn't afford to lose an instant trying to make a sale. So they sent their men out in boats to solicit the captains' business the moment the ships entered harbor.

Among the most successful boatshops was the one owned by Charles D. Beetle, described by Llewellyn Howland as "an untidy giant with a heart as big and generous as his huge hands." Beetle built the Beetle Whaleboat, first crafted by his father James (b. 1811 or 1812; d. 1886), who was in many ways responsible for ultimate form of the American whaleboat, having introduced the batten-seam, carvel construction, mast tabernacles and centerboards, and innovations of hull form to the type.

Charley Beetle's success was partially due to his unusual guarantee. He offered to deliver new boats in 48 hours, or the whaler got it for free. It is reported that he never once had to give away a whaleboat. (While 48 hours is certainly pretty good, his father once delivered one in 27.)

Beetle built stock boats, ranging from 26' to 32' LOA, on a single set of molds. There was no lofting, no laying down. (Of course, all boats had the same beam, regardless of length.) And Beetle became, in the words of Jon Wilson, "a master of patterns, jigs, and motion." He all but eliminated measuring, spiling and fitting from the building process. Workers used patterns and templates for virtually all components. Never mind "measure twice — cut once." Charley Beetle made it "Don't measure at all." Although banks dories were being built with the same methods on Cape Ann, Beetle was probably the first to apply them to standard plank-on-frame construction.

Beetle had a skilled, stable workforce in an era of cheap labor, and he could afford to put many men on a single boat. By building the same boat over and over, the men refined their patterns of action and eliminated wasted motion. The shop was such a paradigm of efficiency that Henry Ford studied Beetle's methods when developing his own theories of mass-production.

By the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, whaling had declined from a commodity industry to almost the level of a curiosity, and the demand for whaleboats had plunged. Beetle's design was still a worthy one, however, and boats were still being commissioned for lifeboats and tenders. Commodore Robert E. Peary used Beetle whaleboats on his 1909 expedition to the North Pole.

Charles Beetle regularly laid off his workforce as winter approached. With the coming of spring, Beetle's wife would call at the homes of the builders and tell them to come back to work. Jobs in New Bedford's textile mills, rough as they were, offered a year-round paycheck, and Beetle's skilled workers began to desert him.

Around 1912, Beetle was maimed when a whaleboat fell on him. No longer able to work effectively on his own, he closed up his shop and moved in with his brother John, who also had a boatshop in the city. (A third brother, James Clarence, had moved to California where he too built whaleboats.) In addition to a diminishing number of whaleboats, John and Charles built custom boats to order, including catboats of their own designs.

Charles and John saw an emerging market in pleasure boating, which was growing in popularity with the nation's unprecedented prosperity following the First World War. And so the shop that was famous for whaleboats

turned toward playboats out of economic necessity.

### The Beetles and the catboat type

The Beetle's role in developing the catboat type is a little unclear. John Beetle Baumann, grandson of Charley Beetle, recalls that, as a child, he was shown a half-model of an old Beetle catboat and was told by his elders that it was that particular hull had been copied by the Crosby family as the basis of their more famous cats. Baumann says several members of the Beetle family had designed and built catboats prior to 1920, some of them very close to the ultimate shape of the Beetle Cat. He recalls one extremely fast design with dual bilge-boards.

There is evidence that the Crosbys were building catboats in Osterville, on Cape Cod, as early as 1835. James Beetle first began working on boats in about 1827, and established his own shop sometime between 1832 and 1836, although the date of his first catboat is unknown. Chapelle says that the catboat originated prior to 1855, while Maynard Bray says 1850 or earlier, "probably more or less spontaneously and at the same time" in Cape May, New Jersey and Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

In any case, by 1920, the cat was indigenous to the region as a workboat, and the Beetles felt that it would make an ideal pleasure boat. It's the most boat you can have in a limited overall length. The extreme breadth provides stability, and its flat bottom makes it suitable for gunkholing and picnicking. The shallow, barn-door rudder lifts out of the water when the boat heels too far, causing the bow to swing into the wind and making capsize rare.

Most important, the gaff-headed cat rig, tended by a single sheet, is easy to learn and simple to handle. And though catboats generally exhibit a heavy weather helm, they retain their balance better than any other type. No matter how much you shorten sail, the center of effort stays in the same place fore-and-aft. It just moves lower, increasing the boat's stability as additional reefs are tied in. Combined, the catboat's hull and rig seemed ideal for young sailors.

### John and Carl Beetle's design

For the Beetles' new stock playboat, John and his eldest child, Carl, took the traditional working catboat and shortened it from a typical length of 30 to 40 feet overall down to 12'4".

They kept the 2:1 length-to-beam ratio, setting the beam at 6'0". With the centerboard up, the boat draws less than six inches.

The cat was given very full bows for buoyancy. There aren't many 12-foot boats that allow half of a two-man crew to stand right up in the forepeak when approaching a dock — or to climb the mast.

John and Carl suspected, rightly, that these boats wouldn't be used only in protected waters in fair weather, so they included a six-foot-long foredeck to protect the cockpit from breaking waves. This also forces the crew aft, which counterbalances the weight of the rig.

There are no seats. With the crew seated on the cockpit sole, the center of gravity is kept low, and the heads of forgetful youngsters are kept out of the boom's way. The cockpit coamings are at the right height for a comfortable backrest. Peak and throat halyards are led aft so they can be handled from the cockpit — again, keeping the weight low and aft and protecting the crew.

#### The early years of the Beetle Cat Boat

Carl set to work building the little cats rightside-up, using the methods established by his grandfather James and uncle Charles. He also built schooners, motor yachts and lobsterboats, but within short order fell afoul of his elders. It's unclear just what Carl was doing wrong: newspaper articles of the day skip over the incident with little comment, except to say the business became "precarious." John Beetle Baumann and others connected with the operation are still reluctant to fully explain. Perhaps Carl's ideas on prudent business practice didn't agree with his elders' thoughts on quality, or possibly it was simply the need of a young man to do things his own way, regardless of the advice of his elders. Waldo Howland asserts that Carl simply "lost interest."

In any case, John and Charles took over the job of building the catboats. Because of his old injury, Charles' involvement was mainly advisory, while John did most of the hand work.

Known informally as "pumpkin seeds" for their broad, flat shape, the boats sold for \$225. In the prosperous '20s they caught on quickly. By 1924, a children's camp in Duxbury had 38 of them and small fleets existed in several towns around Buzzards Bay and on the Cape.

The Beetle shop continued to build other small boats as well. In 1924, a local newspaper reported that Charles would build "his last whaleboat." The five other builders in New Bedford had all long since died or given up on whaleboats. (He built another in 1933, intended for a museum display.) The same article shows a photo of a wood-framed kayak under construction.

John Beetle died in 1928, and the shop passed into the hands of his three younger children — Carl apparently remained disinterested or disinherited. Only Ruth, however, was available and interested in taking over the shop, which she did for herself and as agent for her siblings Ralph and Clara. She thus became the only female boatbuilder of her era, while retaining her job as a New Bedford school teacher.

A 1930 article in the Boston Traveler says that Ruth Beetle had worked side-by-side with her father before his death and that, as the shop's new owner, she caulked and painted hulls and canvassed decks. This was probably journalistic embellishment. Waldo Howland

writes that Ruth's "hands-on" involvement in the shop was as treasurer and bookkeeper. Regardless, as its shop's owner, Ruth can accurately be called a boatbuilder. But most of the building, it is certain, was done by John Baumann, husband of Charles Beetle's daughter.

In 1930, the shop took on an apprentice, 15-year-old Leo J. Telesmanick. It was the beginning of a 53-year long career for the youth then known as Skippy, who would later be accorded the less mellifluous name Mr. Beetle Cat.

#### Mister Beetle Cat

Telesmanick, the son of an Austrian immigrant who worked in the local textile mills, earned \$6 for a 48-hour work week, hauling water, keeping the boiler stoked, setting green lumber out in the sun in the morning and stacking it in the shed in the evening. He also worked on the receiving end of the stationary power tools. According to Telesmanick, Baumann would occasionally feed stock in wrong — skewed, or with the machine at the wrong settings — to make sure the apprentice was paying attention.

"Working under him was like working for your father," says Telesmanick, sitting in his living room, surrounded by mementos of his years in boatbuilding. Now 76, he lives with his wife, Alma, in a small house in South Dartmouth, a hundred yards or so from the present site of the Beetle Cat shop. "Charley Beetle used to come down once in a while and help out," he continues. "They treated you well, and they were very good teachers."

Like all good teachers, they were interested in Leo's future. They insisted that he continue attending school half-days until the age of 16. And then, they announced, he would attend night school.

Leo attended the New Bedford Textile School (now Southeastern Massachusetts University) where he studied machine shop practice. An early project was to fabricate, from rough castings and raw materials, a hand drill with a hollow handle for bit storage.

"We called them hurdy-gurdies," says Telesmanick. "They were very handy, with no cord to get in the way." Working with homemade bits that were just lengths of piano wire flattened and pointed at one end, a worker could drill through the cedar planking with "about three cranks of the drill." Telesmanick recalls that the first electric hand tool in the shop, a belt sander, didn't make work go any faster, but it did make it easier.

Telesmanick worked inside the hull during framing. He lined out frame placements on the planking with a batten and drilled holes from the inside. While Baumann hammered in the clinch-nails, Skippy held the steamed framed in place and followed Baumann with the bucking iron. "You'd have to listen to the rhythm and try to guess where he was going next," he says. "He'd only tell you once." The clinch-nails, he notes, were pointed with a double bevel, unlike the chisel-pointed ones common today.

The shop had no C-clamps. Most clamping was done with a length of hardwood, in which holes were bored at regular intervals. Pins were slipped into holes an inch or two beyond the parts to be clamped and wedges were driven between the pins and the workpieces.

Leo was the shop's only apprentice, and Baumann and Charles Beetle made up the remainder of the workforce, supplemented sea-

sonally by part-time workers. A total of about 130 man-hours went into a finished Beetle Cat. At the time, the shop was on the second floor of a building. Completed boats were dropped through a door by a block and tackle.

The shop bought castings for pulley shells, and Leo made up the sheaves from brass bar-stock during his machine-shop classes, turning out eight or ten a night on the lathe. Leo also mixed the shop's paints and putties, the latter of which was simply whiting and linseed oil. For seam compound, white lead was added. No precautions were taken when mixing this then-unknown hazard bare-handed. Then as now, the Beetle Cat was painted buff red on the deck and battleship grey on the interior. Anti-fouling paint was creosote mixed with copper sulfate. By adding sand to the mix, barnacles were kept at bay: The paint would flake off wherever the crustaceans tried to attach themselves.

After three years on the job, Leo became a journeyman and was finally allowed to really use tools on his own. His salary went up to \$9 per week. When he had finished four years of machine-shop night classes, he was told to sign up for three more years of mechanical drawing. "If you know how to make a blueprint," said Baumann, "you'll know how to read one."

Although primarily under Baumann's supervision, Leo continued to pick up tricks of the trade from Charley Beetle. One bit of advice he recalls:

"Leo," said Charley, "when the sun is sinking in the west, that's the best time to put in the ceiling. Then, all the joints are tight."

Another time, someone — Charley, perhaps — secretly scribed broad pencil lines all along a series of joints Leo had just made. The once-tight joints appeared to have opened up disastrously, and Leo's confidence was momentarily shattered.

1936 marked a turning point for the organization. Baumann took ill and was confined to bed. Leo, then 21, was courting Alma, his bride-to-be. Evenings, they would go together to Baumann's home. There, with Leo listening at the bedside, Baumann revealed the final, intimate details about how to build the Beetle Cat, how to purchase lumber, and how to run the shop — all information that the master builder had previously withheld from the apprentice.

John Baumann died in 1936. Charles Beetle, last of the New Bedford whaleboat builders, also died that year.

Ruth Beetle received an offer from a local builder to purchase the business, but she turned it down, saying, "Leo's had good training. If he doesn't know how to build a Beetle Cat now, he never will." She offered him the management of the shop and a substantial raise.

Telesmanick says he had little confidence at the time, but with Alma's encouragement, he accepted the offer. With two older workers under him and some young helpers, he boosted the shop's output from 25 to 48 boats per year. Before 1936 was through, Leo married Alma.

The Beetle Cat became a local institution. Fleets existed at yacht clubs on Narragansett and Buzzards bays, on Cape Cod, and on Martha's Vineyard. In 1937, the first New England Championship for Beetles was held off of Bristol, Rhode Island. In 1940, fleets from ten clubs were formally brought together in the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association, which remains the main sanctioning body for races.

During their first 20 years, most Beetle Cats had been skippered by youngsters. This



changed after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Washington restricted the use of most large yachts to conserve fuel and simplify coastal surveillance. Adults began commandeering their kids' Beetle Cats and, in doing so, many discovered what fine little boats they were. After the war, formal racing classes were established for adults.

During the hostilities, production came to a standstill. Virtually every commercial boatbuilder in the country was "drafted" for war work, and Telesmanick was no exception.

The Beetle shop locked up its inventory of custom-cast hardware in a safe, and Leo went to work for Carl Beetle, who was still in the area, building boats for the Navy. The arrangement didn't last long, and soon thereafter, Leo was hired by Palmer Scott who, with 200 employees, was one of New Bedford's largest boatbuilders. Leo built small tugboats and launches for the Army and Navy, and he also worked on the 26-foot whaleboats that Scott cranked out at a rate of one a day. In a sense, he was continuing in the Beetle tradition.

#### Concordia steps in

Immediately after the war, Carl Beetle established a company to build civilian boats in fiberglass, and he produced a design that was very much like the Beetle Cat. Waldo Howland, meanwhile, was looking for a small boat design for his yard, the Concordia Company, to build in wood, to complement its famous yawls.

The Howlands, as one of the most important maritime families in New Bedford, seem to have maintained regular business contact with the Beetles. The owners of the most successful whalers in New Bedford's fleet in the late 19th Century, it is probable that Howlands outfitted their ships with Beetle whaleboats. Waldo's father, Llewellyn, worked as a child in Charley Beetle's boatshop, bunting planks for a penny a piece. Much later, he hired Beetle to build a modified Block Island boat, which he called *Fox*.

Waldo, in *A Life In Boats* (Mystic Seaport Press, two volumes: 1984, 1988) writes that Carl was convinced wooden boatbuilding was dead and was eager to sell the Beetle Cat business to Concordia. The deal he made couldn't have been more favorable to the boat's survival. Carl sold the shop's inventory for an apparently fair price, but he charged Waldo nothing for the boat's design, nor for the enormous stock of good will. The only restriction was that Concordia could not call them "Beetle Cats": Waldo agreed to market them as "Wooden Beetles." This left Carl free to use the original name for his fiberglass versions, but he failed to do so. Carl apparently lost interest again and soon halted production. He turned his attention to larger boats, as well as large industrial forms, and here he passes out of our story. Eventually, the name restriction would ease, and Concordia's Wooden Beetles again came to be called Beetle Cat Boats.

According to Leo, Ruth Beetle had planned to leave the business to him but, being in need of capital, was forced to change her plans after the war. It appears, however, that it wasn't her business to dispose of.

So Waldo had a boat to build, but he was missing one essential element: Leo Telesmanick was still working at Palmer Scott's, where he had risen to plant superintendent. Waldo contracted with Scott to build the Beetles, stipulating that Leo must be in charge of the operation. Leo took the hardware out of the safe and set to work again, using the original molds and pat-

Howland writes that, in the first year after the war, he expected eight to ten orders for new Beetle Cats. Instead, the company received "six times as many" orders. The size of the backlog demanded that production become more efficient. Waldo and Leo decided to build the boats upside down.

Leo took an average of measurements from a number of existing boats and then built one more Beetle Cat on the old molds with painstaking precision. Fairhaven naval architect Ben Dobson was called in to take the lines off of this benchmark boat, and Leo relied these lines to build a new mold. That's mold—singular. Stringers hold the upside-down station molds in permanent alignment, and provide a form against which the steamed frames are bent prior to hanging the planks—which is another reversal from the old method. The mold that Leo built in 1947 is still in use today.

The complete backbone assembly, including stem, keel, skeg, sternpost, transom, and centerboard trunk is placed upside down on the mold. The transom is clamped against heavy pads at the stern, and the top of the stem is fastened to the floor with a turnbuckle. The centerboard trunk fits into a slot on top of the mold. The oak frames, which are all steamed at once, are slipped through slots on the mold and bent in place. Time-Saver Number One: In the old method, all 26 of the ribs were half-frames. Now, 16 of them are continuous, from sheer to sheer. (Three frames in the bow and seven at the centerboard trunk remain half-frames.)

With the boat upside down on the mold, it is no longer possible to put a boy inside to handle the bucking iron, so clinch-nails were replaced by galvanized wood screws, and this represented Time Saver Number Two: only one man is needed to drive a screw, so two men can drive fasteners twice as quickly as before. It now takes under 15 minutes to hang a plank. (In 1973, galvanized screws were replaced with silicon bronze.)

Prior to the war, stems were steam-bent. For a short time after the war, Leo sawed them from hackmatack crooks. Soon, he switched to laminated construction, gluing up triple-width stems and slicing them into thirds on a bandsaw.

Perhaps most important, true production-line methods were introduced. Parts for the boats were now cut out in lots of five or six at a time, reducing tool set-up and break-down time. As soon as the first hull is lifted off the mold, framing begins on the next. At the second station, the hull is sanded and caulked, then it's flipped rightside up and moved to a third station, where the waterline is struck and the interior pieces installed. Meanwhile, hull number two of the series is being sanded, and hull number three is being framed and planked. Deck and deck fittings are installed at a fourth station, and the boat is painted at a final one. Five boats are completed in about two weeks' time.

These changes didn't exactly create a more efficient operation—it still took the same number of man-hours to build a boat—but they allowed Leo to put more men on the job and turn boats out of the shop more quickly. Manpower was not a problem at Palmer Scott. In 1955, the year after a great New England hurricane, the shop built nearly 100 boats to replace many that had been wrecked. That was in addition to repairing dozens that still had some life in them.

In 1952, Palmer Scott merged with O'Day in nearby Fall River, and Leo began commuting between the two cities, where he was in

charge of all small-boat production. O'Day was mainly building in fiberglass, and Leo acquired expertise in that material as well.

He kept it at until 1960, when Palmer Scott retired and Waldo decided to bring Beetle Cat production in-house. He hired Leo who, with his son Jon, set up a new shop at its present location on Smith Neck in South Dartmouth, across Padanaram Harbor from Concordia's main yard. Leo brought with him some of his old workers from Palmer Scott, along with the 13-year-old mold. The shop was soon up and running, and production continued as before. Leo's family moved into a house at the top of the driveway, a scant hundred yards from the shop.

The following two decades were a time of bizarrely little change for the Beetle Cat. Even as fiberglass all but took over the market, Leo kept turning out 40 to 50 Beetles per year. Two or three companies briefly built near-copies in fiberglass, but these were banned from class competition and they soon ceased production. Waldo sold the Concordia Company in 1969 to William Pinney, who then sold it in 1981 to Robert A. "Brodie" MacGregor, a Scottish expatriate who managed Concordia's Manchester Sailmaking loft.

In 1983, after 53 years on the job, having out-lasted his former bosses and mentors and probably dozens of his own subordinates, Leo Telesmanick retired.

Not long before that date, a customer had ordered a Beetle Cat finished "bright." It's surprising that Leo consented to build it, for he had always striven to maintain production-line efficiencies by refusing custom orders. Also odd was the fact that the customer communicated with Leo entirely by mail, and his identity was somewhat of a mystery. But build it Leo did, and the boat turned out beautifully, its cedar strakes varnished a beautiful yellow-golden hue.

Brodie MacGregor, it turned out, was the mystery buyer. He presented the varnished Beetle to Leo as a retirement gift.

Painted on the boat's transom now is its formal name, *Aljean*, a contraction of Leo's wife's and daughter's names. But more often, he refers to the boat as "my gold watch."

#### The post-Telesmanick Beetle

MacGregor is a difficult study. He insists that Concordia is a business, pure and simple, and never mind about tradition, art, or a love of classic wooden boats. "I hung around boatyards as a kid, but it's not a particularly sentimental connection," he says. "Concordia was a company with an excellent name and reputation and excellent skills," and he was willing, he says, to pay for the good will that those things implied.

MacGregor claims the Beetle Cat is "marginally profitable," although it's difficult to see how. The shop builds some 20 to 25 boats per year. The boats sell for between \$6,500 and \$8,000. They contain about \$3,000 worth of materials and 135 man-hours of labor. That doesn't leave much room for overhead. One suspects MacGregor of harboring a romantic appreciation for the boat that he won't, as a businessman, admit to.

In 1983, MacGregor hired Charles York, a builder from outside the Concordia operation, to take over the Beetle shop. Within weeks, Leo was asked to come back as a consultant, to train in the new manager. Leo wanted to take a more hands-on approach, so he signed on as a part-time, hourly employee, building all of the stems, worked on subassem-



At work in the Beetle Cat shop. Above John Fernandes and Stephen Smith hang a plank fresh out of the steambox. At right Jeff Beaulieu cutting bungs, and below Stephen planes a caulking bevel on a plank.

blies, and generally teaching York the Beetle Method.

By 1986, York was out and 30-year old Stephen Smith had been hired to run the shop, initially under Leo's tutelage but eventually on his own. In 1990, after five years on the job, he was comfortable enough with the method to dare to make the first modification to the Beetle in decades, by switching from resorcinol glue to epoxy for the laminated stem.

Leo now takes his retirement more seriously. He spends far less time in the shop, going in mainly to pass the time. In fair weather, he's more likely to be out on the Atlantic, fishing for blues, tautog or scaup from his 22-foot Mako, wearing his Hemingway-style sportsfisherman's cap.

"I can't complain," he says. "I worked for good people since I was 15. Not many people would or could do it day in and day out for so long — the pay in boatbuilding is not that good. But the love of it was in the people that I sold boats to and met at different races. The families all knew me years ago, and now their grandchildren all know me. What more can you ask of life?"







## Have a Look at My Duratech

By Johnnie Mac

I have been working on a 1959 16' Duratech, it's a beast. I wanted to have it soda blasted but can't find anyone, imagine that?

Look at her inside regions, built! Trying to find a motor, my Suzuki 25 works like a champ but is probably a bit small, hate to set it up and drill holes only to find she doesn't have it.

I can tell you one thing, new motors are expensive! She had a 55 Bear Cat on her from the advertising spread, something in the 50hp to 60hp range is over \$6,000 with another \$1,500 if not \$2,000 for controls, prop, installation and tax! Had a favorable price on a 50hp Tohatsu at \$5,800 installed. I wanted the white one that cost \$100 more but I chickened out when it was time to cut the check. Now I wish I went through with it.

Here's an assortment of pictures, notice the grab bar on the back, the ones on new boats look like they belong on a kitchen drawer.

And the ribs! I love those beefy ribs. Not worried about them cracking anytime soon.

I also love the gunwale cap, compare these babies to the 1" square tubes on the dealer lots. And of course she doesn't have a straight line anywhere on her, by design. Those curves are hard to do but I think it adds to her strength.

Of course, the thing I like the best about her is she had a 20' flagpole right at the bow, for what reason I do not know, but it was a bold statement so I am researching such a device.



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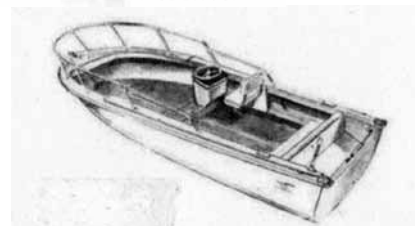
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On April 12 we had warm temperatures and 20 knots of breeze, a perfect opportunity to test out two new sailboats.

The first is a decked in version of the Tenderly Dinghy which we're calling the Tenderly XP. This features a tall sloop rig with a bowsprit. Whereas the standard Tenderly Dinghy excels at sailing, rowing or motoring, the Tenderly XP is meant to be a sporty little daysailer, club racer or trainer. We're still assessing whether there's a market for this spunky sloop, but this much we know, it is CRAZY fun to sail!

The Jimmy Skiff II is a clean sheet design update of the popular 20-year-old Jimmy Skiff. The Jimmy Skiff II is destined to begin production in the next four to six weeks. The Jimmy Skiff II will be joined at the same time by the Oxford Shell II, likewise a brand new take on a popular old CLC design.



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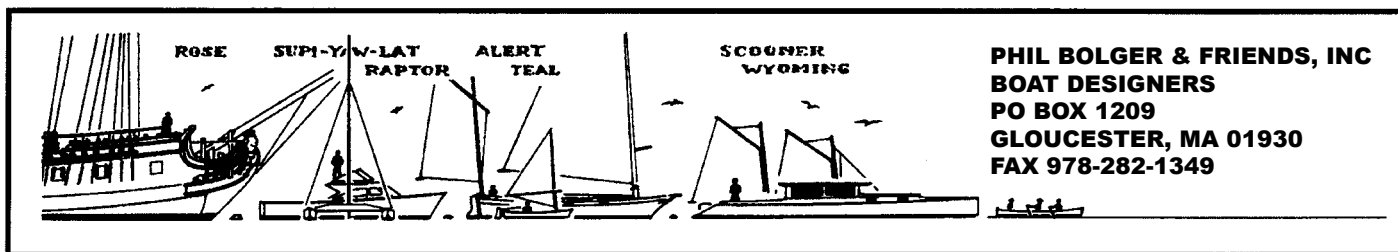


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## Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column No. 524 in *MAIB*

Now that you have "confidence" in how to build a hull like this, back to more studies, more options. In the issue before last I should have spent a few words going through the original #679 cruiser layout for those with their hands on the *MAIB* back issues I quoted.

Anchor right behind her stem and that big Jonesport Cleat with the rode and chain in its compartment behind that, along with that outwards pivoting chunky ply lamination that serves as an anchor davit.

Then the crouching space area under the deck hatch which, once open, allows standing securely in her while wrestling with the ground tackle, no clambering up on deck for this.

Then the two full length 2' wide berths with modest stowage under plus likely netting forward over the feet to put more clothes, blankets, pillows.

In the wheelhouse lots of carpentry to maximize storage volumes, starting with a deep bin under the flipup helm seat, along with shelving under and ahead of the wheel for things you just need to have handy driving her. Some would go for a fine cushy office chair when they are on sale and then adapt the swivel and tilt base to your needs.

To port the navigator/copilot with the larger house batteries under the seated feet and indeed the icebox/refrigerator under the flip forward seat.

Moving aft to port the galley, more storage in drawers, your choice of fresh-water supply plumbing, plus modest gray water volume.

To starboard the telephone booth style shower and head compartment with its own bilge pump to draw out your sponge bath gray water. And yes, that is an off center-board case too far starboard since shallow hulls in narrower water under crosswind need a bit more support to keep on track.

And here things are different in this new layout. As far as possible keeping the inboard engine out of the living quarters remains desirable. Shown is two cylinder 1.4l 30hp continuous duty DEUTZ type 2011 F2L Diesel, an air oil cooled 3000rpm max industrial unit that might outlive your will to cruise her. Together with that mechanical NEW-AGE PRM-90 gearbox and its max 2.50 gear reduction, you might swing a 16" diameter prop, with that pitch yet to be established. This should offer fine fuel economy and relative reliability to cover ground at a maximum hull speed of just over 7 knots on now 25" of hard draft.

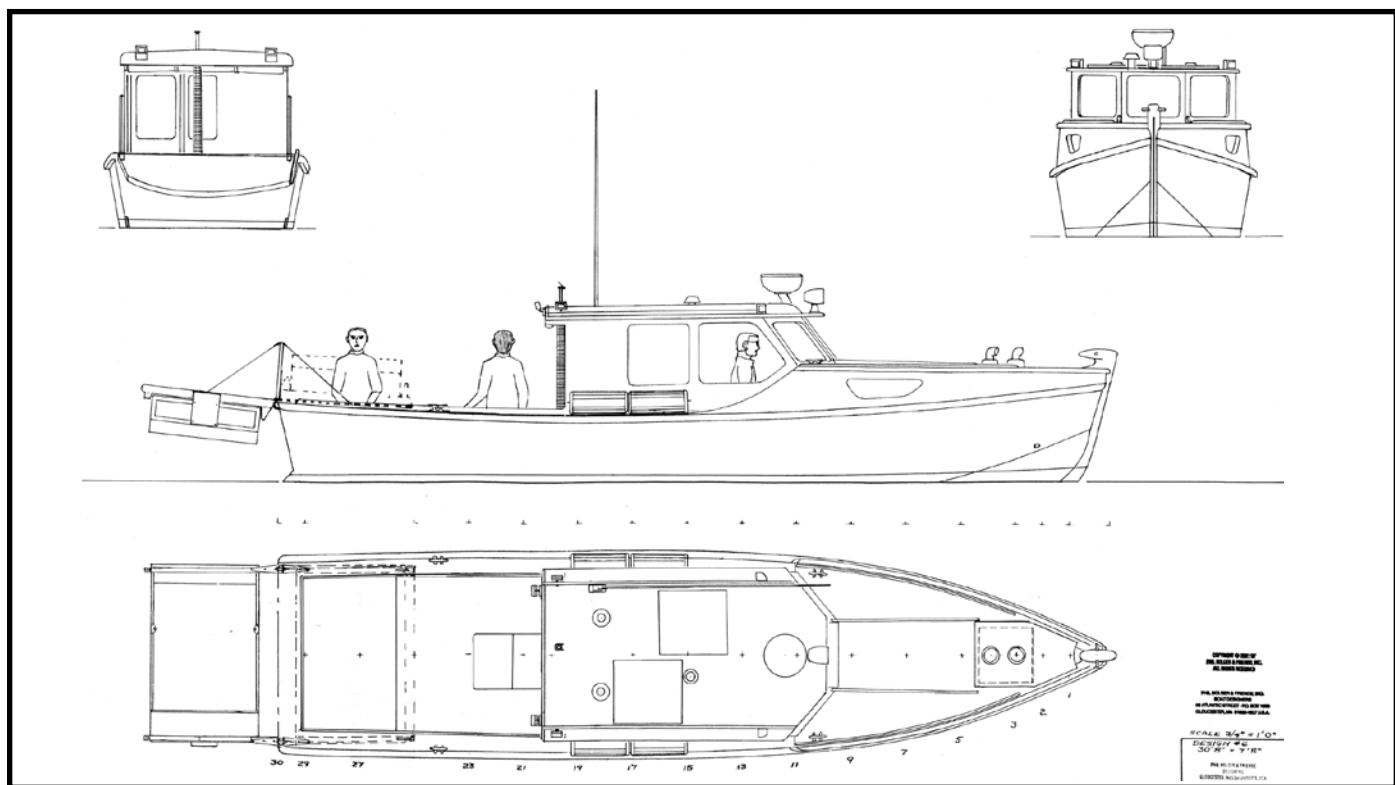
Yes, the engine sits with its front end off center at an angle to allow clearing the port side wheelhouse door. Two CV joints allow soft mounting the engine, two cylinders can be robust in their demeanor and, of course, then straightening the flow of power to match up with the centerline axis of that prop shaft.

On this modest power and a pinch oversizing it, we can let the tail piece hang out there a bit further to cut back the skeg ahead of the prop some more for better water flow to it and a bit easier turning.

With an air/oil cooled diesel (go look up the DEUTZ specs) we need no saltwater based cooling system with water pumps, or crushable keel coolers etc, just like your car does not. And indeed, like your car, the obvious other end of making power is the dry exhaust with the engine so modest to likely have a slender inline motorcycle style muffler integrated into the vertical pipe that exits well above the wheelhouse top. Or plant a bigger can very tough looking on top of the house. I'd always have that flip cap. And all suspended soft, like under your car, for least vibration and noise in and aboard her.

Without that outboard in its well out back you can now walk up to her transom, have overnighing friends spread out on air mattresses under the stars or some canvas. But where does the fuel go?

On the open workboat, yes, that is a daggerboard forward to port. Here the Diesel can sit straight. And that lofty exhaust stack requires a support weldment forward to stay standing. More next issue...









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## A Visit to the Lucas Boat Works and Happy Hour Club

Friend Harvey, whose scintillating photos sometimes appear on our pages (despite his not being a boat guy) visited the lair of the boat guys at Dave Lucas' Tiki Hut during his winter escape to Florida and shares several photos of that scene herewith. Harvey was much impressed with the ambiance surrounding this facility for aging boat nuts to play in, "Visited Dave in Bradenton today. Fine/fun fella. You need to come here to meet him so I can record the historic moment. What a place!"



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"Throw me a line!" is something heard now and then along the waterfront and elsewhere on the water. I learned the underhand throw method that is recommended for such purposes while taking the American Red Cross lifesaving course in my teens. The concept was reinforced while working on my Boy Scout Lifesaving Merit Badge. And then I became involved in boating activities and found the skill most useful.

One of my early introductions to "throw me a line" came while trying to get an inflatable back to the boat. My dad and I were in the inflatable with another man. We had been flats fishing away from the power boat that we were going to spend the night on and headed back for the boat. Paddling an inflatable is an art (that we did not have), especially against the wind and tide. We were about 30' from the boat, exhausted, and moving away from the boat. Since the boat could not get any closer to us, one of the people on the boat used a heavy fishing rig to throw us a line by attaching heavy weight and a large float where the lure would go. On the second cast the line came down within reach of us. We secured the line to the inflatable. With our renewed paddling and their reeling in the line, we got back to the boat. Sometimes we use what we have onboard to accomplish what needs to be done, even if it is not designed for that purpose.

Two boats were sailing on Apalachee Bay. One was on starboard tack heading out for a week's cruise along the coast toward New Orleans. Once they rounded Buoy 26, it would be a long reach to Panama City as their first stop of the vacation. The other boat was on port tack heading to Shell Point from St Marks. They were the only two boats in the area and you can guess what happened as neither was keeping a "proper lookout" and the 150% jibs hid each boat from the person at the helm of the other boat. The vacation sail was ruined as both boats were damaged in the collision. I remember this event every time I read about a collision or an allision of a craft in one of the boating periodicals. Where was



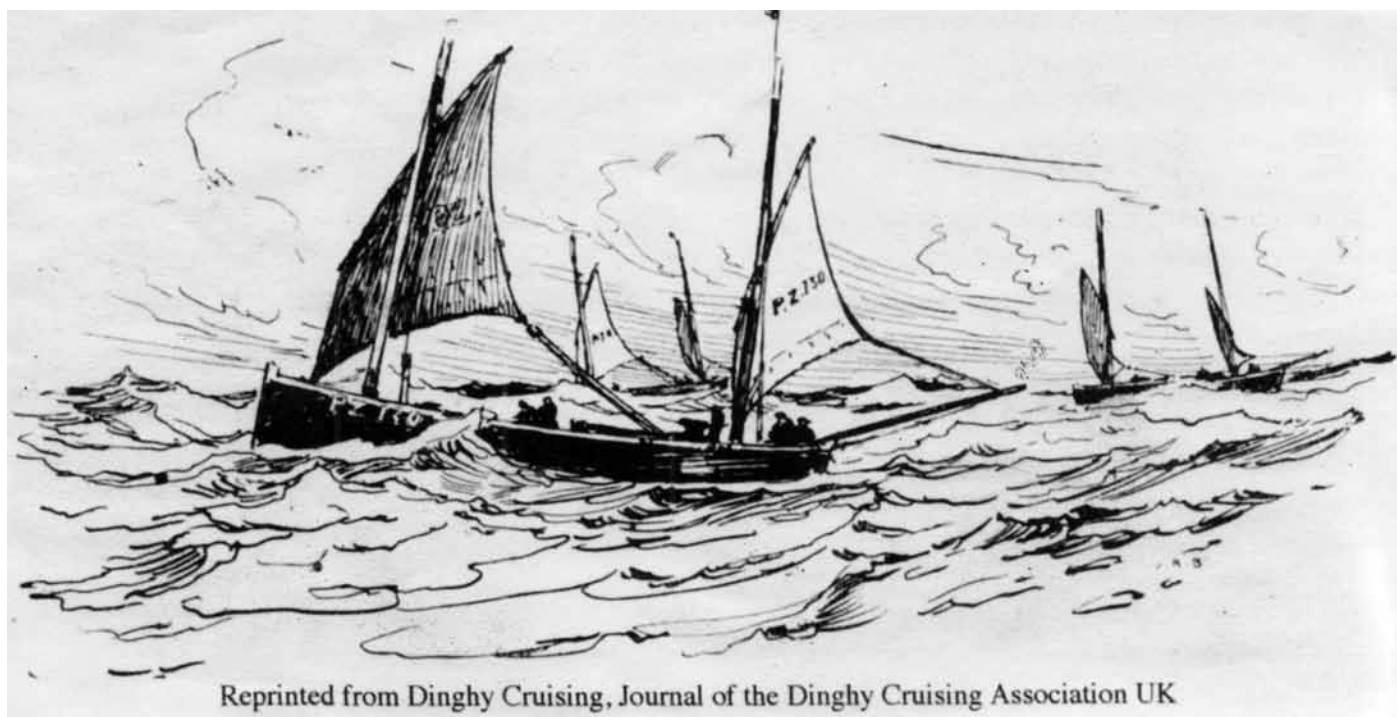
the lookout? Was anyone watching where the boat was going? Oh yes, when one moving boat hits another moving boat, that is called a collision. When a moving boat strikes a stationary object, that is called an allision.

We're looking for a new anchor for our boat. While going through the catalogs, we find one that looks like what we want. But just how big is it? How long is the shank and what is the width of the stock? These are both questions that help determine if the anchor will fit on the boat. While going through some old files we came across a 1958 foldout brochure on Benson's anchors. The brochure is very well written and covers all the anchors styles in use at that time with an illustration of each and a brief description of their good and bad points to hold a vessel.

Most boating catalogs show anchors relative to the waterline length of the vessel. There seems to be no concern for windage, even though a 26' sailboat has different wind considerations than does a 26' cabin cruiser or a 26' open boat. Also, most of the catalogs do not give the dimensions of the anchors being shown or recommended. For storage and use characteristics it is nice to know the shank length, fluke length, fluke width and stock length. Of course, Benson's anchor was the best choice in the brochure but the information on the other anchors, anchor terminology, rode information, anchor dimensions for each of the anchors Benson's offered, and the basics of anchoring are all contained in this brochure. It is a very nice reference tool, even if the anchor no longer seems to be on the market.

One problem with small, lightweight anchors is that sufficient chain needs to be added to get the anchor to the bottom and help keep it from being lifted by the surge of the boat reacting to the surface wind and waves. When my wife and I "raced" our Tornado catamaran in the local PHRF fleet, we had a good deal of time between races as we usually finished first (close to last on corrected time) and would anchor the boat until the start of the next race (white flag). I found a suitable, galvanized steel anchor that would fit behind the mast. I added a bit of chain and use 1/4" line for the rode. With the anchor set and the mainsail secured amidship, we would float quite calmly until it was time to pull in the anchor and get underway. We used a bridle approach off the bows, but the retrieval of line and anchor was sometimes a problem even though the arrangement was very nice. If it was too windy for the arrangement we normally used, we would just luff the sails and meander around waiting for the next start. Granted, the anchor and rode were not considered "proper" on a small, racing catamaran, but neither was the small ice chest with cool beverages and a bite to eat.

The Editor wrote about Amateur Yacht Research Society (UK) in the March issue. I was a subscriber to their publication in the early 1970s. Each publication was full of interesting material on new ways to do things. One issue had a good deal of material on multihulls including a mechanical way to avoid turning one over. It was a pendulum arrangement that released the main sheet if the boat heeled beyond a certain point, a very simple safety device. Another issue had a polar diagram for downwind jibing. What was the proper sailing angle going downwind (no spinnakers) for the fastest speed? I had seen polar diagrams for tacking upwind, but this was the first one I saw with a good explanation for going downwind. I used it while racing a Ranger 26 in the local MORC fleet with good results when the wind was wrong (or too strong) for the spinnaker.



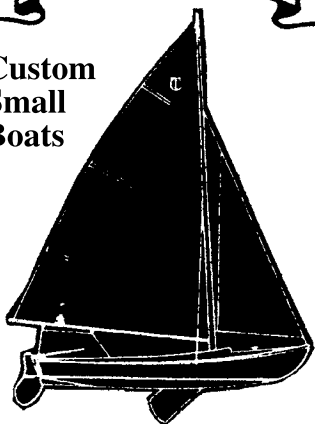


Small Craft Illustration #7 by Irwin Schuster

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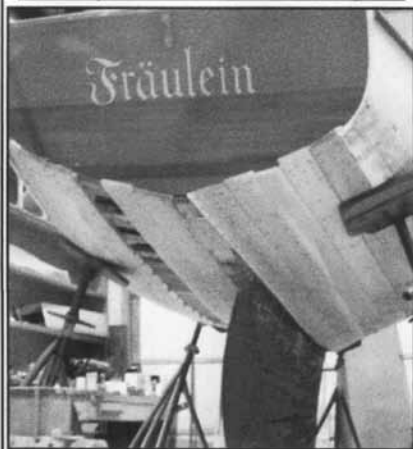
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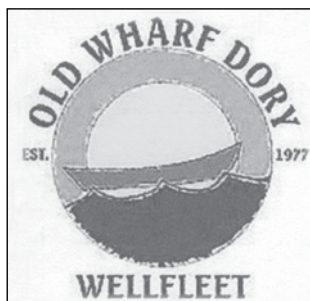
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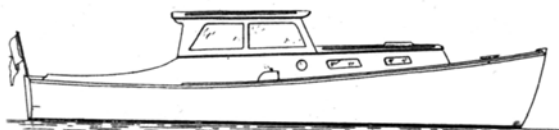


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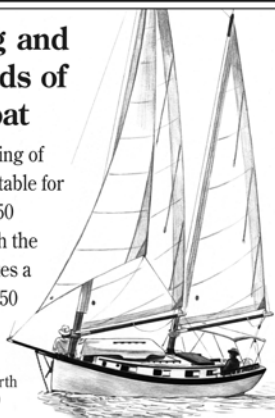
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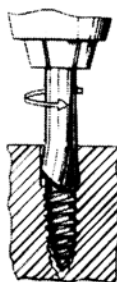
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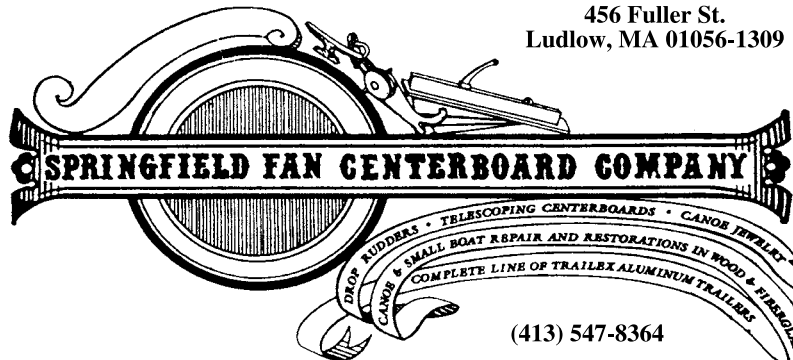
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# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE



**Seabird Yawl**, '63 in gd cond w/steel cradle. Marconi sails & aluminum masts, as described on pgs. 30-31 in the March issue. 1st \$1,750 takes it.

**Plywood Skiffs**, 3 available in gd usable cond, just under 12'. Gd polytarp sails, spars, oar sockets, everything needed to sail. No oars. Some scratches and dings from use. Buy one or all. \$425 ea. or make offer. **Nutshell Pram Parts**, make offer for all or part. Located in Lancaster (Buffalo), NY. Email for details & photos, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com

GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY. (6)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to mail.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



**'81 Vanguard 420**, *Popsicle*, Hull ID# VNG03108M81F in vy gd cond. Topsides painted popsicle orange & hull painted white. Comes w/ mast, boom, all blocks, rudder & traveler, main & jib in vy gd cond w/ all battens & bags, all standing & running rigging in gd cond. Always stored indoors. Canvas-like waterproof cover. Sits on a '08 Karavan trlr, model KBE-900/1250-46T, set up for a 2" hitch ball. Trailer has been meticulously maintained, bearings always greased, 5-lug, 4.8" x 12" high speed tires have about 150 miles on them. Brand new light system, never in the water, as we always launched from floating docks. Trlr has a hand winch & mast support. Newly carpeted bunks & a bunk that hugs the stern & transom. Trailer has a transferable registration\*. Also include is a beach dolly originally for an AMF Sunfish, which I elongated and widened to fit the 420. All tires hold air. A great boat for a bunch of kids, a few adults or a very competitive frostbiting/regatta season. I've even seen a few with 2hp OBs on them. *NADA Bluebook* value of \$3,000 for the boat alone is the asking price. Ready to rig & sail. Sold "AS IS", cash if in person. Will deliver within reason from New Rochelle, NY. Payment for post-sale delivery will be made in full by PayPal in advance and \$1/mile, round trip, as determined by Google Maps. Buyer pays for PayPal fees. \*Please note; in NY state, trlrs with unladen weights of less than 1,000lbs have transferable registrations, not titles. JIM BAUER, New Rochelle, NY, jimalyson1@gmail.com (6)



**'98 Bolger Designed Martha Jane Sailing Sharpie**, *Scout*. Water ballasted, balance lug rigged, cat yawl. LOA: 23.5', sail area: 247sf, weight w/o water ballast 1,400lbs, tanbark main and mizzen sails. '04 Nissan 6hp 4-stroke o/b. '01 Pacific galv single axle trlr w/no rust. A long list of additional gear. Boat, sails, trailer & o/b meticulously maintained in exc cond. Cruised extensively by 2 previous owners: San Francisco Bay area, Florida Keys, Chesapeake Bay watershed, North Channel and Georgian Bay areas, Penobscot Bay, Cape Breton Island (Bras d'Or Lake) & the Champlain Canal. Always dry sailed and stored covered, indoors from '04 - '16. Located in Gaithersburg MD. Asking \$7,900.

JOHN ZOHLN, (443) 223-7176 or NORM WOLFE, (240) 423-3151 for listing inventory. (6)



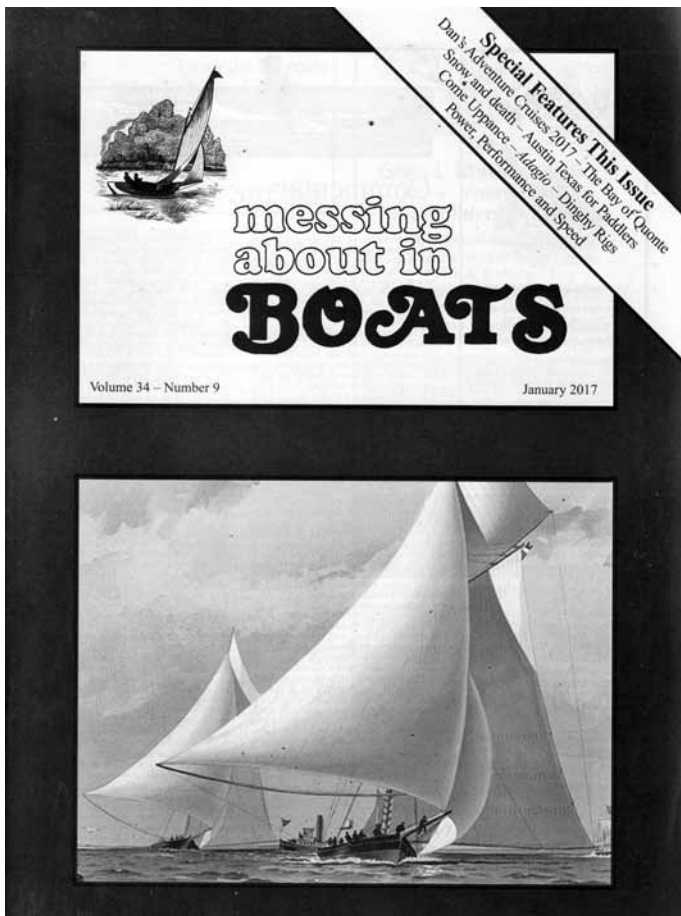
**Drascombe Lugger Sailboat**, Built '73 in England by Honnor Marine (Hull #278). 18'9" gaff (sliding gunter rig) yawl w/roller furling jib, loose-footed mainsail & bumpkin-sheathed mizzen. Lapstrake FG hull, galv steel C/B, spruce mainmast, mizzenmast, gunter & bumpkin, teak gunwales, oarlock pads, & C/B cap. Spruce oars w/leather oarlock sleeves. Tohatsu 6hp O/B w/spare gas tank. Cockpit cover, Trailux aluminum trlr /spare tire, 9lb Bryon anchor. Cockpit cover, sails, motor & trailer were new several years ago. \$5,500.

JIM RESEK, Doylestown PA, (215) 360-4489, jresk@aol.com (7)

**Pygmy Osprey Triple Kayak**, 21'length, 75lbs. See at [www.pygmyboats.com](http://www.pygmyboats.com). \$2,000. Kit lists at \$1,500.

JOHN CLARK, Williamstown, WV, (304) 375-2302, clarksr2@gmail.com. (7)

## Twinsies! A Reader's Suggestion



**12' Bevin's Skiff**, compl w/oars, sailing rig, custom made wooden mast & sails. Blue w/white interior. Constructed from Alexandria Seaport Foundation kit. Their website has pictures & tech info about this style skiff. Ready to sail, always stored indoors. Will deliver in New England.

MIKE WEAVER, Plymouth, NH, (603) 536-3006, mgweaver@adelphia.net (7)

**Whitehall Tender**, 10'loa, 4'2" beam, hourglass stern. FG. Oars & oarlocks. Rows like a dream or will take a trolling engine or a light hp engine. Best offer.

RON HARRISON, Salem, MA, (978) 744-2578, subman2@earthlink.net, Boat for Sale on Subject line. (7)

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## Leafing Through Our Back Pages

Here's a Messing About ad from April, 2014. I thought I'd dust it off, tweak it and make it better. Only...there doesn't seem to be any dust on it.

Dear Justin and Ian,

My Vermont Fishing Dory arrived yesterday. Although anxious for its arrival, the day had overcome me, I was on a business call and stressed when the doorbell rang with Justin and Ian and their trailer full of boats outside. "WOW" was all I could say.

I had never seen one in person. I had looked at pictures 100's of times this long winter, yet was not prepared for the shocking difference of seeing one in person. I think the second words out of my mouth were "If I seen this in person last fall, I would have just purchased it then and there".

I would like to personally thank Justin and Ian. As brother's in blood and business I hope they have fond memories of their road trip through the midwest, during one of the coldest winters in decades. Soon the ice and snow will melt and I will be fly fishing from my Vermont Fishing Dory.

A line from the Pixar movie "Up!" comes to mind, "I just met you and I already love you." That is how I feel each time I venture into my garage with a cup of coffee and spend a little time with my new boat .....spring and open water are just around the corner. It's so nice to see that a company such as this, with design and workmanship at such high levels, still exists in the U.S. of A. Thank you,  
Safe travels, Ian and Justin Bill Ingersoll

If you would like a color copy of the photo to the right,  
... ..shoot an e-mail to [guideboat@together.net](mailto:guideboat@together.net).

Bill's rainbow trout sure is a beauty.



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